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Coollest Girl in Town Chapter 644

Chapter 644 Mr. Kamp, Please Don't Blame Yourself

"Is that true?"

"Are you kidding me!?"

Both Mason and Martin spoke in unison.

"Usually, classes are held according to the time displayed on the clock hanging in the classroom. So how can you just claim that it's faster?" Martin questioned. "Miss Sinclair, if you missed the exam, then you've missed the exam. If you begged for mercy, Mr. Young and I might have been able to work out something. However, with you making up lies and trying to gloss things over, this is an issue with your character! I will not allow a student like you to remain in this class!"

Mason opened his mouth to persuade Martin, but Elise's voice rang out first. "Mr. Kamp, did you really grow up abroad? Your speech skills are truly one of a kind. I'm afraid the politicians have lost a talented politician with you being wasted here as an educator."

"Elise, you were late for your own exams. How dare you cause so much trouble and disrupt the other students' exams!?" Martin's tone became tougher.

"I believe the one disrupting their exams is you, Mr. Kamp?" Elise rolled her eyes and walked to her seat.

"Stop right there!" He rushed over and grabbed her by the hand to drag her outside. "Miss Sinclair is disrupting the order in the exam hall. So it's only right that she is kicked out of the exam hall!"

"Let go." She had tried peaceful measures before using force. After he dragged her by several steps, she violently shook his hand off. "Have some dignity!"

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What she hated the most was being in such close contact with an unfamiliar person the most. Even now, she felt as though all the cells in her body were itching and aching as a result. Thus, her expression became extremely gloomy. There was not the slightest hint of a smile on her face. On the contrary, the aura around her entire being was so cold that it was frightening.

When he met her eyes, he caught a glimpse of frost in those eyes for a moment. His Adam's apple unconsciously rolled up and down in response.

"Teacher," Mica finally couldn't help standing up and arguing for Elise's sake. "Elise is not lying. The clock on the wall is indeed fast by fifteen minutes, so she is not late."

"So what if the clock is fast by fifteen minutes?" Martin asked sternly. "I distributed the test papers at 8:00 AM according to the time displayed by the clock on the wall. Even if the clock is fifteen minutes early, I, too, started the exam fifteen minutes early. So, the half-hour period after the exam should also be counted 15 minutes in advance. Late means late, and there is no disputing this fact! Now, Sit down!"

Mica had been spending quite a lot of time with Elise recently. She might have gotten a little more confident, but she was still accustomed to being obedient to a teacher. So, despite her reluctance, she could only sit down in silence.

Similarly, Sheldon and Elliot were anxious for Elise. It was just that they could not think of anything to refute Martin's words, so they could only wallow in their anxiety. How can Boss forget about something so important!? Why did she give Martin such huge leverage over her!?

After Mica was rebuked, the boys who had been eager to take action also lowered their heads and continued to fill out their test papers. In this way, the battle to defend Elise was silently eliminated by Martin. Everything seemed to be a foregone conclusion at this point.

At this moment, the usually taciturn class monitor, Stefan, stood up. "Teacher, I don't think that Miss Sinclair should be disqualified for the exam."

"Stefan, this has nothing to do with you. Focus on your test papers." Martin was quite polite to him.

"But, teacher, I am the class monitor. What right do I have to call myself the class monitor if I cannot speak up on behalf of the students?" Stefan asked resolutely.

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Martin had no idea how to refute those words, so he could only remain silent and continue listening to Stefan's argument.

"The exam notice you posted in the group chat was sent out according to the network time. If you refuse to admit to using the network time, then the 8:00 AM you mentioned could be interpreted as tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, or any other day. Therefore, Elise did not misread the time. Because you have made a mistake with the exam's date in the first place."

After Stefan finished speaking his piece, he calmly sat down, picked up his water-based pen, and slowly answered the rest of his questions.

On the other hand, everybody else in the classroom was utterly stunned by his words. The class monitor usually seemed relatively quiet, so they never expected his words to be so blunt as soon as he opened his mouth.

Those words enlightened Sheldon. Hence, he immediately stood up in support of Elise. "The class monitor is right. You are the one who made a mistake with the timing, Mr. Kamp. Why should a student who came to take the exam on time be punished for your mistake? Are we your slaves!?"

"That's right!" Elliot slammed his palms on the table and stood up. "Where there is oppression, there is resistance! Do you know how much those missed fifteen minutes of sleep in the morning have affected my health!? I suspect my studies are going so badly because you start class early every day!"

"Hey! Mr. Howard, that last sentence of yours is a little overboard..." Mason waved his hand humorously, asking them to return to their seats. After that, he turned to look at Martin and asked, "Mr. Kamp, do you have any other issues?"

Martin knew that he could no longer stop Elise. Even so, he refused to give up. "But, Mr. Young, we have always carried out the exams during this time. Why is it wrong today? Besides, it's not fair for Elise either if the exam starts fifteen minutes early."

"I don't mind." Elise swaggered over to her seat.

He clenched his fists that were hanging by his sides, and the veins on his forehead bulged prominently.

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Mason patted Martin on the shoulder and comforted the latter earnestly. "Since Miss Sinclair does not mind, then you don't need to blame yourself anymore, Mr. Kamp."

Blame myself? Martin raised his eyebrows in anger. Why should I blame myself!?

After Mason finished speaking, he picked up a test paper and personally delivered it to Elise. "Do your test well." He placed the test papers on her table and turned to look at the rest of the class. "Everybody, thank Mr. Kamp for adding an extra fifteen minutes to the exam time."

Huh!? When did I say that!? Add an extra fifteen minutes!? Won't that mess up everything!? Martin opened his mouth to deny the statement. However, the students cheered in unison before he could say anything. The sound of their cheers came from all directions. "Thank you, Mr. Kamp!"

The principal happened to pass by during his patrol around the school and couldn't help nodding in satisfaction.

Martin met the principal's gaze and smiled awkwardly. He could only swallow the words on the tip of his tongue. So be it. It's only fifteen minutes anyway. In any case, the scores will only go up. The good students will only get better. But, on the other hand, the poor students will not do any better even if I gave them an additional 150 minutes!

As soon as the principal left, Mason and Martin returned to their respective positions as invigilators, with one person standing in front and the other at the back.

Martin walked one step at a time until he slowly came to stand behind and to the right of Elise when he recalled the situation during the last test. Then, he craned his neck and watched her answer the test.

Elise roughly went through the test paper and took up her pen to write. But, he was staring at her so intently that she couldn't help feeling uncomfortable. She turned back and met his suspicious gaze when she sensed it. She frowned at the sight, then turned back again as she prepared to start writing once he passed by.

After waiting for ten minutes, she looked back again, but he was still standing there.

Therefore, she simply tossed her pen on the table and leaned back against her chair. At the same time, she reached up a hand to signal Mason, who was standing on the podium.

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Unfortunately, Mason did not notice her. On the other hand, Martin seemed to succumb to his guilt. "What are you doing!?"

Elise didn't want to speak to him, so she raised her voice and shouted, "Mr. Young, Mr. Kamp has been making things difficult for me since just now. And now, he is standing right beside me. I'm so stressed that I can't write anything!"