

Never Say 325

With the message dispatched, she rested her phone on the bed and hastily pulled the quilt over her face, her cheeks ablaze.

The following morning, Hannah was scheduled for classes and arrived at school early.

After her morning lecture, upon returning to her office, Zayn informed her that the dean had requested her presence in his office.

Hannah gently set her book aside, ascended to the third floor and rapped lightly on the door to the dean's office.

"Enter."

Hannah, with a gentle push, ushered the door open and inquired, "Mr. Dunlap, how may I be of service to you today?"

The dean appeared to be a man hovering around the age of forty, sporting a smattering of hair atop his head. As he laid eyes on Hannah, he adjusted his glasses, assuming a somewhat solemn demeanor.

"Miss Moore, I am aware that you were recommended to join our teaching staff. I have diligently perused your credentials and it has come to my attention that you have yet to obtain your official graduation certificate. Now, I gather you wish to present your thesis and secure said certificate, correct?"

Hannah nodded, her voice poised.

"Yes, I delivered my thesis to Professor Baker just yesterday. I was hoping to..."

Before she could complete her sentence, the dean interjected, his tone grave, "I comprehend your eagerness but we must address a grave concern. Plagiarism is a serious matter."

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"What?"

Hannah stood in disbelief.

"Plagiarism? What are you talking about The dean waved his hand, suspecting Hannah of feigning ignorance.

"I realize your urgency in attaining your graduation certificate but plagiarism remains a grave offense. Regardless of who recommended you, I cannot simply overlook this matter."

Hannah found it rather amusing.

"I composed my thesis entirely on my own. I meticulously reviewed it before submitting it to Professor Baker and there were no issues. Yet now you are accusing me of plagiarism? Mr. Dunlap, if you assert that I've plagiarized, you should present evidence to convince me, shouldn't you?"

As the dean observed Hannah's demeanor, his countenance grew even colder.

“Miss Moore, whether or not you engaged in plagiarism is not the core issue here. You have the option to acknowledge any error and make necessary amendments to your thesis. However, your attitude does not seem to reflect remorse.”

He then located a document on his computer and presented the screen to Hannah.

“Professor Baker has conveyed that your thesis bears an uncanny resemblance to that submitted by a senior student named Minnie Glyn, boasting a remarkable 100% similarity score.”

After scrutinizing Minnie’s purported thesis, Hannah’s brow furrowed.

Undeniably, it mirrored the very work she had submitted. Not a solitary word was distinct.

“This is my thesis.”