

Jimena Diaz

Professor Ringo

UWP 001V

17 April 2024

My Best Friend, Procrastination

Halfway through the last semester of senior year, I was walking out the door of my Statistics class like every other student deeply immersed into their phone that I didn't pay attention to my surroundings. As I exited the classroom, at a far distance, I saw my FFA advisor Ms. Baldwin approaching me. "Jimena! Jimena!" she shouted across the gray buildings and green bushes surrounding the agriculture department. *What did she want? Was I in trouble?* "Jimena, do you have your rough draft of your speech started or completed?" Instantly, my heart sank into my stomach realizing I procrastinated once more. The bright sun was beaming straight at my face the entire time. I couldn't tell if I was sweating because I was scared to give a truthful answer or due to the heat. Trying not to show any shock in my facial expressions, I pondered really fast for an answer to not get myself in trouble. "Actually, I have started the research and began two paragraphs of the speech, but I can have a completed one by the next check-in." As soon as our conversation was over, I strode away as fast as a person in the speed walking olympics. I felt guilty for lying and knew I now had to write six pages from scratch in a time crunch.

At the front of the school, my mom was waiting for me in the car to go home. I was walking over trying to collect myself because I knew my mother's instinct would kick in wondering if I was okay or not. Nonetheless, within a few minutes into the drive, she asked, "Is everything okay? You don't seem as cheerful as other days." *How do I tell her that I sunk myself*

into a hole by procrastinating, like always, and on top lied to a teacher without getting a TedTalk out of it? “Everything’s okay, you know I’m just tired. It was a long day.” “Okay, if you say so” my mom responded as she increased the volume of the stereo.

Arriving home from school, I locked myself in my bright, sunlit room away from my family and had my black JBL speaker play “El Milagro de Tus Ojos” by Mariachi Vargas de Tecalitlán to uplift my mood. However, after a long five minutes of brainstorming and staring at the sky blue walls of my room, my paper was dry and empty, even emptier than my growling stomach screaming for food. Procrastination was increasing as time went by. After two hours, I still sat there at my desk with my computer open and my annotated articles, but only my name, speech title, and one sentence were on the page. I sat there lonely in a quiet, empty space after my speaker ran out of battery trying to figure out all the ideas my head was giving me at once, which I couldn’t write down. I became blank with a difficulty to process and type away. Eventually, I was so frustrated that I wanted to shed many tears that could fill up a tea cup because I knew I had doomed myself and added pressure after claiming I had something from nothing.

“I can’t cry right now. The sun is setting and I still have nothing down!” I exclaimed to myself, stressing out. *What if I change settings or eat instead?* I was trying to do anything, but my paper. After grabbing dinner and taking a cold shower, I came back and sat at the same desk and chair staring at the same walls for ten minutes. Trying to cheer myself up, I said, “I have to get this done sooner or later because clearly time won’t stop for me. It’s already 10:00 p.m.” Two and a half hours later, I realized I was four pages into the six that I needed. Yet, the night was beginning to feel endless. Time was running by fast, and exhaustion began to invade my body. After having to tell myself, “Almost there, just a few more words,” and getting up to wet my face

several times, I reached the six pages I needed. “Finally! Time to go to sleep. I’m never doing this to myself again!”

The next day, at school, I walked into Ms. Baldwin’s classroom during lunch, feeling like a zombie after the poor sleep I got. “Hi, Mrs. Baldwin! I have my speech ready for you to check.” “Good, let me see it at my desk.” With a little panicking, I left my computer at her desk and stepped away not wanting to see her facial expressions.

“Wow! You did all six pages, you little overachiever!” *Why is she reacting so surprised if she wanted the six pages done by today?* “Well, I thought you said you wanted a full draft of my speech?” Her next words hurt like a bullet to the chest and made me want to cry instantly. “No, you didn’t have to. I just wanted to see your progress, but it looks like you did more which gets you ahead of the others.” “Oh, okay. Well, that’s good.” I said in relief but with frustration inside. At that moment, I knew I had learned my lesson-never procrastinate and pay attention to details. Although I should’ve been happy for myself for completing work ahead of time, I was furious instead because I had overworked my body the night before.

Yet, this was a humbling experience for me, as I realized I had to fix this bad habit of mine before going to college. For the remainder of the check-ins with Ms. Baldwin, I created a deadline system for myself, where I made myself finish the edits a night before her due date and show her the latest draft the next morning. Before I knew it, I had my final draft completed two weeks prior to the Prepared Public speaking contest giving me enough time to memorize it. Fast forward two weeks, as results were being announced, I heard my name. “For Prepared Public Speaking...in sixth place, we have Jimena Diaz from Pioneer Valley FFA!” Jumping and screaming of happiness, I exclaimed surprised, “No Way?! I got sixth place!” “Congratulations, your hard work paid off!” Ms. Baldwin shouts with the biggest smile from ear to ear. Standing in

relief and astonishment, I realized the speech I wrote under pressure helped me place in the top six of the South Coast Region contest.

Now in college, I have aimed my best at procrastinating less by developing better habits as I've learned to navigate my way through the quarter system. The quarter system at UC Davis goes at a rapid pace, which pressures me to stay on top of my assignments more than ever, especially in an English class like this. A class that is completely online and different from my in-person courses. I do admit that I can procrastinate here and there, but not as often as I did in high school. After having gone through this writing experience, I found a better habit of investing on an agenda to write all the important dates, projects, and assignments. This helped me create my own deadlines and turn in assignments earlier as I am a busy college student. Ultimately, procrastination and I aren't the strongest of friends anymore, since an agenda has become my new best friend in college.