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English

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**Story Time: The Lazy Hard Worker**

**Ya:**

One kid is: short, ugly, unpopular, not too smart, and not to mention slow. On the other hand there's another kid: smart, handsome, hell of a lot cocky and hella fun to be around. If you haven't figured it out yet both kids are me the, the first is when in was younger a total Noob and the other is me now. For as long as i can remember I have always been in school. There haven't been a time where I wasn't in school, well except this one time after high school when I took a semester off and then started college but that don't count, that was basically an extended weekend. Being in school all the time obviously meant I'm constantly learning. The cool thing about it is that it wasn't always about academics somethings include fashion( the way I dress and choice in clothes) the way I talk ( the way I speak around people whether it being with friends, family or even professors). Even the way I carry myself and let's not forget sense of humor. All of these attributes learned in one environment amount different people.

**Slow Kid**

Flash back to fifth grade, here I'm around nine or ten years old attending Cumberland Primary school, Guyana ( yea I'm Guyanese not Spanish sorry) this is also where I met a teacher by the name of Sarah, Sarah isn't her real name but I dislike her so much I don't wanna say her name so we're gonna call her Sarah…..bitch. Sarah is/was I don't know if she still a teacher but when I was in school she was a math teacher and I guess a good one since her students were usually really smart or they could've been naturally smart, but she had a really horrible attitude and starting school a year before I should have made it really tough being that I wasn't developed as the other kids were, so yea it was hard yet I maintained a pretty decent G.P.A. Sarah was really tough and fun fact “**she didn't like me”** I know right now can you not like me I’m me. Fast forward to summer of 2009, I may have dropped back a bit in class so my mom sent me to lessons or as we call it in America “Group Tutoring” since it was a bunch of other kids there as well. Of course it was for math which meant I had to go to Sarah's house for tutoring since she knew the material we were going to be using the following term. (Before you as why her house, shit wasn't advanced like that ight), that was the worst summer ever, for 6 whole weeks, 5 hours a day from 9am to 1pm. She taught at a fast pace which made it hard for me to really understand most of the topics because well in was slow so yea it was hard, she would get mad at me for this exact same reason because the other kids understood what she was saying in not one flat, then there's me Mr. slow poke in the corner behind struggling…smh. She would get so mad that she would take away my break ( after an hour or two of being there she would give everyone a break, well everyone but me. In a nutshell I couldn't get a break until I finished my work and got majority of the problems correct. It was so bad shawty would take a shower, come back and still be dick riding, like yooo let me get this down. At the end of the that summer I can't remember if I learned anything but I do remember hating those five hours of being there, and each morning riding my bike to her house. Went back to school and had my regular teacher, with her it was much more different, she was much more understanding and explained things clearly and my with that my grades improved as well. Usually After school is dismissed a few of us would stay for a few hours to further grasp topics we were having trouble with. So one magical day Sarah decided to come to our class to help us. Ok step back a bit, while I was being tutored by her one of my bad topics was scientific notation and she knew, back to present, Sarah knew scientific notation was a tough topic for me but little did she know I've improved. After completing some problems assigned to us, Sarah proceed to the front of the class where she walked up and down like she got a stuck up her ass...wouldn't be something new...she went over the answers and I'm getting them correct and she makes one comment that pissed me off, she says “ good to know I wasn't wasting my time” not only did she piss me off but try to the take credit for my improvement acting like she helped nah son f@%\* outta here, but I couldn't say that to her cause my momma ain't raise me to be disrespectful plus I'm a kid and she's an adult so I had to eat them comments. Fast forward to finals, did pretty good, didn't get the score I wanted but good enough to pass. After that I moved to good old New York City. You'd think that since Sarah was horrible toward me it'll affect my view of other teachers, well it didn't, I looked at it as her pushing me to do better and I did.

**Fast Kid**

Moves to New York late December a days before Xmas, when we got out the airport my ed ass was so amazed that I can see my breath you can tell I wasn’t from NYC \*face palm\*. Since it was December I had to start school the following January and yes I was behind a whole semester. Anyway go to the middle school I would attend which was Virgil Grissom M.S. 226 in queens N.Y, got to the school and head to the main office. When I left Guyana I was already in 7th grade ( remember this) so as we're there they hit my parents with “you came to the right school” and I'm like ok cool, then the lady continues today that I'll have to start from 6th grade because I'm too young to be in 7th grade so that meant I had to repeat 6th grade all over again and I'm in my head like wowww you deadass, nah lemme top I didn't know wtf was going on all I knew is that I had to repeat cause I’m young. Turns out that because I started school early I was now ahead of my new classmates. Before I knew it I got through 6th grade with flying colors same with 7th grade, 8th grade though that's a different story.

**Drip**

Though it may have seen transparent it actually wasn't, for instance I left out the fact that I was a total introvert. It was also the time that puberty kicked in and my interest in girls skyrocket but life reminded me that I can't flirt and I knew nothing about women. You'd think a guy like me can fitness some cheeks...wrong but it wasn't a total loss. I became friends with many females and learned about most things that guys should know about females such as what females say vs what they mean, the meaning behind the way she acts at times or around a certain person. I was always taking in information about females to the point where I even learned a bit about their menstrual cycle. So all in all I didn't leave middle school learning nothing. High school was a bit different, everything was different in transit tech; the people (kids, I was low-key older than most) the teachers, the atmosphere, and more. All of these things took some adjusting to and had to be done quick so you won't be an outsider. In then this eventually made me a fast learner and at the same time picked up the east New York slang which I mostly use. Other aspects like the way I carry myself and how I dress took more of an observational approach due to being around a mostly Hispanic/ African American community which I took influence form. My sense of humor obviously got from my friends, the use of pop culture, physical observation combined together created what we know as “roasting” which everyone enjoys. Though I may seem like an outgoing person I’m actually not but it Is something I'm learning to do amongst other things (yes that includes flirting, nah I'm low key slick) so that is where I am at currently, refining my DRIP.

**Reflection**

Even though I'm lazy by nature I'm also a hard worker which I'm sure Carrie knows and also why she doesn't tell me anything when I bitch in class. One thing I've learned is over the years is that everything is a learning experience. Even when you lose you win, I've interpret this to its either I win or I learn, there is no lose. I'm always learning and I usually Apply those things to my daily life so that things don't seem boring or predictable, I also share this info to help others so they can about living a life that best suits them. You love and you learn, it's cliché but it works, try it sometime...see y'all in the next paper \*deuces\*