Lisette Rojas

English 1101

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Educational Experience

My first semester in college I took a psychology class because it was required. On my first day of class, I got the impression that my professor was really strict and not really lenient toward any late work. She kept going on and on about how she didn’t tolerate cheating in her class and I understood that but she kept stressing it to the point where it was annoying. She was very strict on phones, she hated seeing a phone out during class even if you were just checking the time. She even threatened to kick a student out of the class if their phone wasn’t put away. All of this on the first day made me regret taking this class and I couldn’t drop it because it was required.

The next time we met for class, I was taken by surprise to see that, even though she was still strict about phones, she seemed to be in a nicer mood. I loved the way she taught the class, she made learning fun and terms easier to remember by providing her passed experiences as examples. Instead of making us buy a textbook, she provided us with notes on each lecture she would be teaching us throughout the semester. I guess I had judged her too hard on the first day and didn’t really have an optimistic view towards the class. With the notes that she had provided all I would have to do was listen to her lectures and read my notes at home and highlight important things. As my first test came around, I made sure to study on my way to class. I felt pretty nervous because I had no idea how her test would be, would she be one of those professors that give you tricky questions? Or maybe she’s one of those professors that give tests with questions on things they’ve never covered in class? Once again I was starting to be pessimistic towards the class. I kept studying on the train ride to class and tried to absorb as much information as I could.

A week later, I got my test back and saw that I got a B. I wasn’t really content with that grade but I figured I would have to study more and not just an hour before the test. On the bright side, I wasn’t far from an A all I had to do was continue to study. Soon after, I got an A- for my second test/midterm. I was really proud of myself and actually pretty surprised because I had to study seven chapters for the midterm and I managed to retain all that information and do good on the test. Putting more time into studying and preparing myself for her class actually paid off because my grade had improved.

Then came the Thanksgiving break, and a paper was due on Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs. I got lazy and lost my motivation to do that essay. The essay didn’t seem like a hard task because it was based on my family and the people I know and where they lie on that pyramid. I didn’t do that essay and I knew my grade would suffer but I just hate essays and put it off until the last week of the semester. I realized that if I wanted a good grade in the class, I would have to do it so I asked the professor and she seemed a bit annoyed but she gave me a chance to email it to her. That week I didn’t do the essay, until two hours before the class. The professor texted me and said that she would give me a chance to hand it in on the last day of class because she didn’t want my grade to drop a whole letter grade, but that it would be my choice whether to hand something in or not.

I could’ve gotten a B or a C, but then what would be the point of me studying so hard for the tests if my grade would drop because of one essay that I chose not to do? I typed the essay and handed it in, and took my final. I got a 95 on the essay and realized that if I would’ve done it from the beginning and handed it in when it was due, I would’ve gotten 100. My final grade for the class was an A-, I was so relieved that my grade wasn’t affected so much because, even though I handed in the essay late, I managed to end the class with a high grade. This experience was educational to me because I realized that to get a good grade, you need to put in work and study. Everything I do has a consequence whether it’s good or bad.