

Sebastian Cabarcas Lozano

ENG1101

Unit 1: Education Narrative Essay

Word Count: 1048

11/05/22

Laziness is a Mindset

I've always wanted to be successful. For me success is being able to provide for my family so there wouldn't be any worries for us as we have always struggled with finances but I never had the academic resolve to try, just hoping to become successful out of nothing like winning the lottery but I have yet to win the lottery. So as I started my senior year of High school I thought I had fully steeled myself to study and to educate myself, and the magical summer full of excitement and teenage spirit had acted as the reboot button that made me sure that my grandiose plans wouldn't just be a simple fantasy, I felt certain that as school started with high spirits I would be passionate about educating myself and the satisfaction that comes with it. Unfortunately this was not the case, as school progressed quickly semester after semester, I felt lazy and unwilling to hand in most pieces of work. I would pass most of my classes with very minimal work and effort due to being a senior and most teachers took pity on me even though I hardly showed up to class.

Although I would pass most of my classes one teacher simply refused to pass me if I didn't submit any work but despite her warning me that I would fail her class if no work was submitted, I still gave in bread crumbs of work hoping it would be enough to barely pass her class like with the multitude of other teachers. By the time I realized I would

truly be unable to graduate if I did not submit any evidence of my academic existence in her class, it was already the last month of school and only two weeks before grades were due and I was in danger of failing the year walking on a tight rope teetering between academic suicide and success(kind of). Within most of those two weeks I accomplished almost nothing, procrastinating dreadfully, stunting any progress that could have been accomplished. On the last three days I truly started to feel the severity of my decisions over these past weeks, even months where I wondered what I was spending my time doing all of these months, with a large amount of the time disappearing like a dream I just woke up from. During those three days time was finally ticking, every second wasted since the start of senior year to the end left me appalled. Hence I got home from my incredibly simple school schedule where I get to school at 11 and finish at 2, and started to work on my table next to my window, coating me with a guiding light to keep me awake and in the mood, tirelessly compensating for the incredible amount of work missed. Time seemed to speed up as I'm doing work, my fingers typing automatically, functioning independently from my body. This cycle would repeat for the next three days, anxiously writing hoping for it to be just enough to graduate with all of the other students that didn't feel the need to rush at the last second, all walking through the hallways dignified that the past year of high school hadn't gone to waste, while I was dejected and cracked off all of the monsters and caffeine to barely function, with visible eye bags carrying the heavy burden of my decisions. After much effort that drained my body and soul pulling all-nighters I had finally completed the heavy task I had brought onto myself, pressing the submit button to all of my work on google classroom, relieved I would never have to see that hellish website again. I walked into class the next day with contempt and

pride that I had accomplished the bare minimum to pass after several long nights, simply glad that I would be allowed to graduate with the other students who had done their work for the most part throughout the year, although unfair as it was. It didn't matter to me.

Graduation rolled around and I felt no reason to go to such a dreaded place when I hadn't achieved anything throughout the year, but it was a special moment to my mother and she insisted until the point that I had no choice but to go. As I walk into the auditorium where we would have our graduation heavily decorated with school colors and busy people setting up the canvas for every graduate to paint their future. The auditorium soon started filling up with proud parents and students. While I was sitting in a blue chair in front of the stage, with people around me all waiting to receive their diploma anxiously, celebrating their hard work over the past 4 years all leading up to a single piece of paper, I felt a sense of shame and frustration asking why couldn't I celebrate with relief and pride, I asked why I had taken so long to make a decision to get work done, why didn't I put in the dreadful hours of effort from the start no matter how excruciating it can be.

Although I graduated along with my peers but unlike them I felt no sense of accomplishment or had any reason to cheer. No facial expression with a semblance of happiness shone upon me as I was called up to receive my diploma except for the mask I put on for the pictures that would be taken of me for the memory. After enough pictures to commemorate what some would call an academic achievement that marked the end of an era, I continued to reflect about these raw emotions which continued into the summer. As the summer progressed and I tried to reflect on that full year of laziness I started to become conscious of my bad habits when it comes to educating myself and become aware that my education is key to the success I dream of. It allowed me to start a plan that

filled me with real ambition to start the year unlike the last year which was a valuable experience because it would be the prelude to my life of effort and success.