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Sometimes You're Rewarded

One important thing to know about me is that I have a very serious attendance problem. For as long as I've been responsible for getting myself places, I've gotten to those places late or not at all. People don't really get the mindset I guess, but it's just how I think. I dislike wasting time, so I always take as little time as possible when getting ready. For example, getting ready for school; I will wake up giving myself as little time as I can when getting ready so that there is no time wasted, and I get as much sleep as I can. Unfortunately for me, it doesn't always take the same amount of time to get ready, not to mention the time it takes me to drive there can have a million different factors that can make me late to place. Then I have to deal with that awkward "I got here late" vibe that you get from everyone when you show up some place late and that's kind of a hassle, so it's much simpler to just not go; hence my terrible, no good, mind set for why I'm habitually late/absent. It's something I've tried to work on over the years, but I just can't get the motivation to always be on time or, god forbid, early to places, especially when you show up and it turns out to be a complete waste of time. Whenever I show up to a lecture that doesn't cover anything that I already don't know, or I get to work only to be sent home after 20 minutes because we aren't busy, it just makes we not want to show up at all the next time.

Now that I've laid my mindset out at least a little bit, it's time to delve into that rare, feel good moment where I do something I really didn't want to do and was rewarded for it. It

happened not too long ago, in this semester of classes, but first a little more backstory. I took statistics my senior year of high school and I really enjoyed that class and had a pretty alright understanding of the subject. Fast forward a few years and I'm taking stats in college for my general education requirement. The class goes well because I only need a little refresher and I can pass whatever quiz is thrown at me with a reasonable score at worst. The only problem is that my teacher was an extreme stickler for people who walk in late and would just consider them absent if they walk in even a minute after he finished taking role. After a few times of being about 3-5 minutes late to class and realizing this is how the teacher feels, I decide that it is literally worthless to show up to class because I already know the material and I won't even get the solace of being marked there. This goes on and about a month and a half into the semester, until I racked up the eight "absences" and in accordance to the BC rules I got dropped from the class. It's funny because BC rules state that you need three "tardies" to constitute an absence, but I guess you can just pick and choose which rules you follow when you're a teacher. Whatever the circumstances, I needed to take stats again this semester because I'm almost at my associates and ready to transfer. I vowed at the start of this semester to not miss any class so that I can really get my act together for when I transfer and that's where I am now.

The start of this semester was painless, I have a bunch of night classes so that I can work and go to school in the same day which makes a couple of days really suck, but I stick to my word and I don't miss any classes for the first almost 3 weeks of class. Tragedy struck however when I stayed up too late and slept through my alarm, missing my first class of this semester. I panicked because I had convinced myself that missing one class would heavily impact my grade and make it so that I wouldn't be able to transfer in the fall, but that didn't happen. I emailed my teacher and she said that I can turn in whatever work I need to during the next class period for full credit. Crisis averted. So, on a day when I have work from 8:00-3:00 and my stats teacher

cancels class and my class after stats admitted to not even taking role I just don't go to class. I email my teacher, she's properly chill about it and everything in the universe doesn't seem to care that I missed class, even my grades. I realize that this is a slippery slope and I can't let myself think that, but I do.

Monday of the next week comes along, I miss stats, but I go to creative writing because I already know this chapter in stats and I don't like sitting in a weird chair because I'm always too late to get a seat. Tuesday comes along, and I have to work later than I had planned, so if I ended up going to stats I wouldn't have enough time to shower and I would still be late to class. I decided not to go. Except, I changed my mind; I wanted to be the kind of person that goes to every class and even though, in my mind, it was a complete waste of time; I go to stats class. Traffic is pretty bad and I quickly realized that I'm going to be 20 minutes late to my hour long class, I consider stopping and getting food; I can just miss stats and still make my biology class, plus I won't have to deal with everyone staring at me when I walk into class 20 minutes late, but I decide that I don't care about all the judgmental looks that I get from my classmates as I walk in a cool 20 minutes late. I got to class, 23 minutes late by my phone clock, and the door is propped open with a trashcan. I'm relieved because it will decrease the chances of people hearing me open the door when I walk in. I walked quietly to the door and peered inside only to realize that the class is dead silent; they're taking a test. A few people start at me with bewildered eyes, "who has the gall to show up 20 minutes late to the midterm?" Well, I did; there is even an empty seat for me. I sit down, the teacher hands me a midterm and I sit there quietly and finish it. I know the material well, so even with no studying I passed the test, but the entire time I was taking it I just have this slight feeling of satisfaction. A year ago, I would not have shown up to that class, there's no chance in hell. I would have missed this random, not

very midterm, realized how tanked my grade would become and eventually just give up on going to the class like I had done so many times before, but I have grown.

This one event, even though it only happened a little while ago, has really taught me that I really do need to get to my classes on time. Because of this one instance of actually being rewarded for going to class, even though I arrived late and couldn't shower, I was able to continue on with a good grade and can hopefully finish the semester with one.