

Cassandra C. Sanchez
December 5, 2013
English 114A
Professor Vana Derherasian

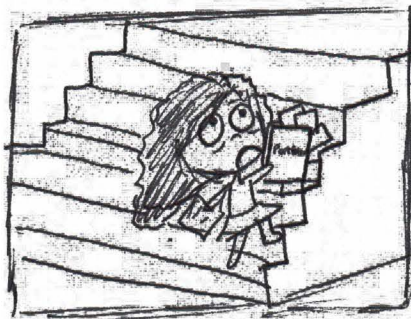
Reflection



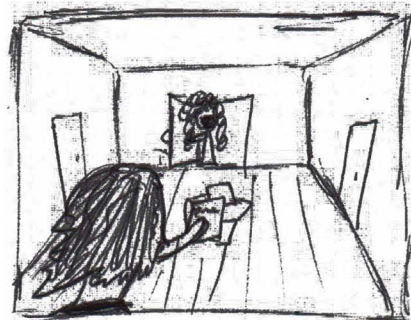
On the morning of December 5, 2013, I had a long night of revising all my essays for English 114a. I procrastinated all semester and now this was the price I had to pay for doing my essays for the final portfolio so last minute.



BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! My final alarm rang. It was 9:15 am and I woke up buried in my essays thinking I finished them on time. After that, I noticed I had only a few minutes to get to my 9:30 class. If I arrive late, I would not be allowed to turn in my essays!



I rushed to class not worrying about my appearance, but scared that I would not make it on time to class. As I was running I thought to myself, "Why do I always procrastinate? I don't think well under pressure! Late night essays before the due date are never a good idea. Plus I didn't even have time to correctly cite my sources!" I sighed saying, "Ugggh I hope I make it in time!"



I said to myself, "Oh look the door is still open, If I run faster I think I can make it on time!"



Oops~

I slipped onto the floor beneath the shadow of my teacher. When I looked up I realized that she did not look so happy.



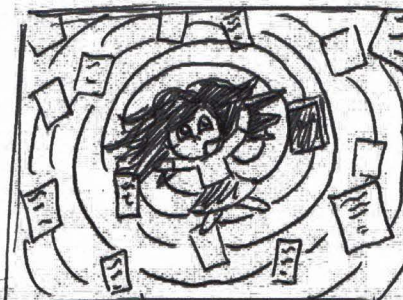
My teacher had this look that I had never seen on her face before. She usually is so kind and lenient, but today, I felt an icy chill vibrating off her. As I gazed up, I tried to hand her my essay, but instead of taking it, she crossed her arms and said "NO! You are late. I will not take it." I thought she was joking, but when the look on her face did not change, I knew she was serious.



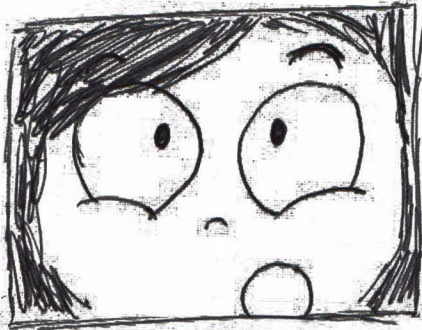
With that, I felt that maybe I had to convince her that this was a mistake. I felt puzzled, stumbling to tell her that "I am a hard worker; I did the correct citation format that we learned, I did the quote sandwiches and paragraphs grammatically correct." But even after this, she just stood there.



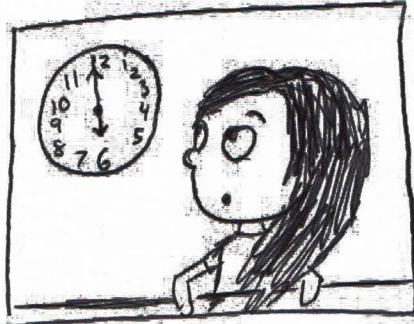
She then got furiously angry and said, "NO! I am not accepting your portfolio! You are late and I told the class that there would be no exceptions for late work. I have been super lenient all semester and this is your final work, so you should have gotten it done."



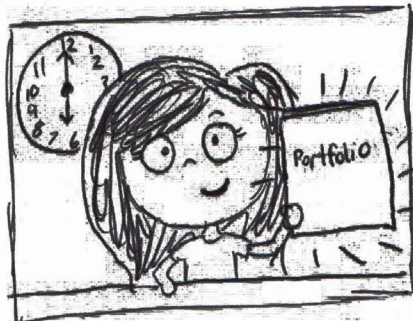
I was speechless. I know I should not think that she would accept my portfolio just because she is nice, but I just thought the teachers here in college were as nice as my teachers in high school. I felt myself falling into a swirl of stress, disbelief and sadness. All I could hear was, "No! You failed!, Procastinator's never win!" repeating over and over.



“Noooooo” I screamed out loud, realizing I was just having a nightmare. “Phew.”



“What time is it? Woah, I have so much time to get ready before class. But wait, did I finish my portfolio last night!”



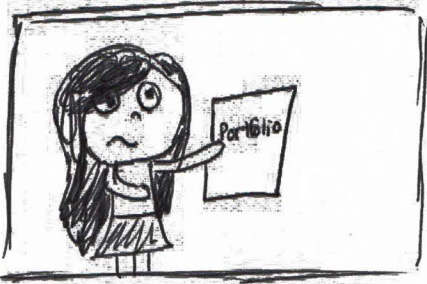
“Oh look,” I said out loud. “I finished it! All my essays are revised because I actually did them ahead of time. Now all I have to do is put them in my portfolio and be on my way.”



I have so much time to relax and go to class. I am so happy it was just a bad dream.



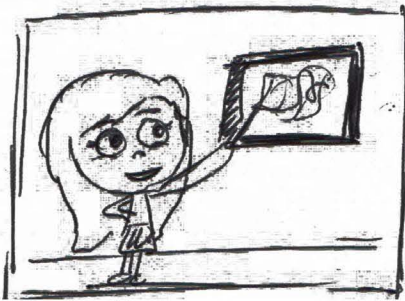
As I approached the classroom door, I saw the professor. She had this look on her face that made me doubt whether or not everything was another nightmare.



I was hesitant and nervous, so I reluctantly tried to turn in my portfolio.



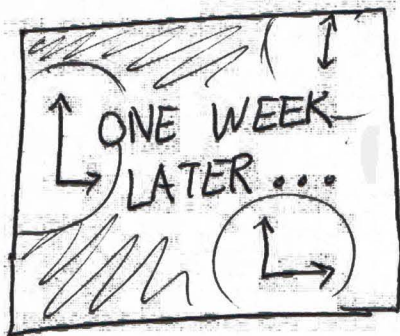
My teacher gave a confused look to why I was so nervous, but she smiled, took my portfolio from me and said, "Thank you for turning in your essay. Results will be sent to you. You can go now."

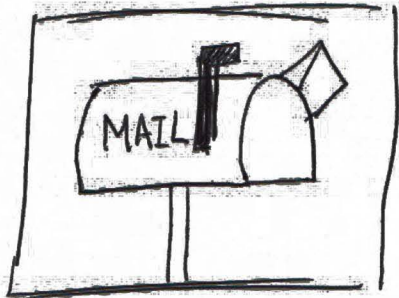


Relieved about my English Portfolio, I went to my Art class. Today was critiq day and it was so easy for me to do. Thanks to the fact that I did not have to be stressed about my portfolio, I was so thankful for English. That class made criticing for Art easy, which is great because I used to suck at expressing my opinions to the class until English 114a.



School was over and I went home. All I had to do was pray for the best and believe I did the best I could do for my finals.

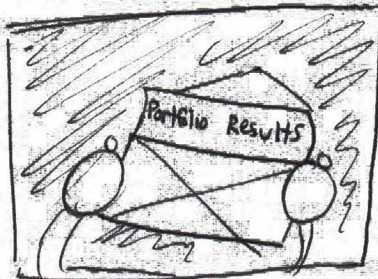




Finally the results are in! I am so nervous.
Especially for my English portoflio.



Skimming to the comments of my English Professor, she said,
“You have improved on your writing since the beginning of
the semester. You should work on citing your sources and
you should also try to get more evidence to support your
ideas rather than just expressing your opinion, even though
you made good points. Over all you did well, and you pass!”



I was so proud of my score and happy to be done that I
jumped off the ground, feeling like gravity couldn't even
bring me or my mood down from this joyous feeling. (My
nightmare has forever haunted me during finals and that
dream always reminded me of the past me. Ever since that
day, I became a better writer each new passing day.



THE END.