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Football or Homework

 I have recently had a writing experience that was very different to say the least. About a week ago, on a Sunday, I was writing a paper that was due the next day. I had procrastinated with this paper for about three or four days, and had to work up a load of courage to even get started. Once I finally did get going on my work, I realized that writing this paper wasn’t like usual. I didn’t feel like I was writing just because I had to. This feeling was foreign to me, but I liked it because for once I was enjoying something that I would usually hate doing. This experience was something that changed my outlook on writing forever.

 It was September 9th, 2012, which of course meant it was the first full Sunday of NFL football since last winter. I woke up eagerly because I wanted to get to my TV without missing opening kickoff. I sprawled out of bed, threw some shorts on, and headed upstairs. As soon as I got upstairs I grabbed the remote and turned the pre-game on. I headed to the cupboard and filled my arms with food, then sat down on the couch. At this time, I thought to myself how much I love this time of year. I knew that for the next few months I would be spending my weekends watching endless hours of football and I definitely had no problem with that. I had my food, my couch, and my football, I was set.

 However, it didn’t take me long to remember that I had a paper to write that was due Monday, which was the next day. The paper was supposed to be on gun control and it needed to be five pages long. I thought to myself there’s plenty more hours in the day, there’s no reason I can’t just do it later. Plus, who would want to go do a long writing assignment instead of watching football? Not me, I decided to stay put and enjoy myself. As the day progressed, hour by hour, I kept my same position and remained in my football daze for about 6 or 7 hours. I finally came to realize what time it was when all my relatives started showing up at my house for the Sunday night game. Aunts, uncles, cousins, and even grandma and grandpa all arrived with some sort of food to put on the table. Over all the noise, I could hear Al Michaels and John Madden on the TV and I immediately recognized that they were in the booth commentating the pre-game while the players were warming up. My excitement was building at the same rate as the food on everyone’s plates.

 Eventually, after building a plate of my own, I head into the full living room and looked for a spot. I took a seat on the wall near the window where my backpack was laying. I once again realize that I haven’t yet written that 5 page paper. At this moment, all I feel is the environment I am in. I look at my plate, stacked with slices of pepperoni pizza which is my favorite food. I’m surrounded by my favorite people, and I am doing one of my favorite things. I then again ask myself, “Why would I go write a paper if I could be doing this?” Except this time I don’t just blow it off, I begin to think of what’s more important. In my mind I know that I usually procrastinate things but always get them done in the end, and this time is no different. Sitting in my situation, wishing I would have got my paper done earlier, I decide that after my meal I am going down to my room to get to work.

 Later on, I get to my room and sit at my desk dreadfully. This is when my writing experience began. I got on my laptop and opened up a couple of word documents. One of them was for thoughts and ideas, the other for my actual essay. I recall that I need to write about my stance on gun control. I started listing everything I could think of and everything I know about gun control. After spilling all my thoughts and ideas, I couldn’t believe how much I knew about this topic. I went through everything I had down on the scratch-document and began to put everything in order and structure what I was going to say. I got to the point where I had everything ready, and for once I began to write my paper with an enormous amount of confidence.

 I wrote my introductory paragraph swiftly and effectively, and then got into the body of my essay. I would refer back to my “thoughts page” almost every ten seconds because I had endless material that gave the support that I needed. I caught myself whizzing through the paper and realized I should slow down and re-read what I had wrote to make sure it makes sense. When I did this you could say that I blew my own mind. I was amazed in how good my writing had been so far, so I continued on with my work. After that point, I started to revise every paragraph right after I wrote it. I would even start from the top sometimes just because I was enjoying reading everything I had written. Following this process, I eventually got to the end of the paper. I took a bathroom break and while walking down the hall I heard laughter upstairs and wondered who it was. Then I remembered my relatives are still here, and I also remembered that there was a game on. I said out loud to myself, “I wonder who won the game?”

 All in all, what I did that night was something I did not expect. By putting all of my thoughts onto the scratch paper, I was able to expand my ideas deeply with a lot of details and examples. I left all knowledge I had about gun control on the page, and enjoyed all of the 2 and a half hours it took. Then the next day I handed in my paper without a doubt that I would get a good score on it. Thinking back, I now realize that taking a different approach to writing greatly changed my feelings towards it, and now I couldn’t be any happier.