

Eugene 6B

A Delayed Execution

My name is Derp. It was two months before the mid-term exams and the first day of school. There was nothing to worry about. There's plenty of time. It's just the first day of school! Nevertheless, my class teacher insisted that we begin working today.

In my head, all I could think was "Work? What work? It's the first day of school and I have to work?" With that thought in mind, I leaned back on my chair, stretched my legs out, and rested my arms across the person's table behind me. I felt kinda stupid saying it but I turned my head around to see the classroom filled with my cheery classmates chatting and playing with one another after a long vacation and I said in a low voice, "Life is good". I even managed to pull out a smile for the sake of my good fortune at that moment, but now I wish I had the chance to slap it off my face.

Two weeks into the school year and I'm out having lunch with my friends gleefully exchanging stories of victory and triumph with each other. After school, we'd go out more and spend some money. During the weekend, if I had no plans with my friends. I'd go look for something to do outside. I managed to make it a habit not coming home everyday empty handed, so I spent and spent and spent. Everyday was a leisure day.

"Begin your work while we still have time!" said our class teacher. "Start reading your books, Derp!" said Mum. Surprisingly, I've never said *no* to those orders. I wanted to study and I knew that deep inside my heart. But I was so good at making excuses that it was almost *impossible* for me to talk myself out of slacking.

Before I knew it, it was one more day before our big exam and I was still assuring myself that I was indeed ready for the exams. Day dreaming aside, I sought to prove it by reviewing my books a bit. I found them stacked in my wardrobe below my dirty old clothes and shoeboxes. At this point, my heart was beat fast with a very familiar beat. I eyed the books as I slowly reached out to get them. I hardly recognized them and I couldn't help but wonder what on earth they were doing here. Where did they come from?! The mathematics text book was on the top of the thick pile of books sitting on my lap. After inspecting it's front cover and side labels, I discovered that I had never taken the time to touch the book since the day I bought it. I slowly opened the book at just about the middle half much like opening the book to the inevitable fate. My throat felt warm, my back slightly cramped, and my eyes teary.

I had always felt so relaxed; but at the same time, I knew I was absolutely paranoid! I skimmed through the books and caught glimpses of lessons and topics I knew we had learned about in class for the past two months, but had blown them off all too easily. Now I had to pay the price. If only people saw how sad and miserable I felt as I got out of bed and dismissed my early beauty rest to stay up until the morning and study.

The next morning, I was sitting on my desk waiting patiently for the invigilator to bring in the cursed test papers and begin the exams. Everybody in class was ready for the exams and I knew I was guilty. I was the culprit. I closed my eyes, clamped my

fists and clasped my palms. I tried to shake off the chills that ran from the end of my spine and pierced straight into my cerebellum. It was almost as if my body was torturing me for having to undergo emotions such as these. This whole term I postponed each and every one of my study schedules in order to do nothing but waste time. Bad idea! Now my inside felt like exploding. My existence almost began to feel obsolete as I began to accept the pits of reality, and I was running into it at full-force.

Suddenly, just as fast as the months had passed by, as rapid as the hours fell to the end of its countdown last night while I crammed and dove through my books and notes, and as swift as the dusk that disappeared soon after it, the invigilator came in and shouted, “THE EXAMS HAVE BEEN POSTPONED TO NOVEMBER!”.

It was a big lesson for me.