**My Life in Chaos**

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**Topic:** Perpetuated Chaos in My Life

**Specific Purpose:** To begin to analyze the reasons why I choose chaos over order

**Thesis Statement**: I purposefully choose to create and maintain chaos in my life, in order to achieve a sense of urgency, which pushes me to complete tasks.

**Introduction:** Good afternoon everyone. Most of you probably spend a lot of your time trying to avoid *chaos* in your lives. I, on the other hand, embrace and even thrive on. My room, my desktop and my lifestyle prove this. My name is Alexander Schlesinger. How did I discover this state of *chaos*, and why do I prefer it?

**Illustration:**

The best way I can illustrate this to you is: Imagine you’re flying to Denver from Charleston. Your flight is delayed an hour, cutting your once hour and a half layover to 30 minutes. You land at concourse F in Atlanta and exit the plane to discover that your Denver flight is all the way at Concourse A.

You immediately enter a state of travelers’ panic. Running through the terminals. Standing impatiently on the train. Pushing through hoards of people. To end up at your gate as the doors to the bridge way are closing but still managing to get on board

**Transition:** Where did this all start and why do I enjoy this sense of urgency?

**Body1:** Foundation of chaos

Honestly, it started in college. The more effort I placed in time management the less work I got done. I have a tendency to put off every assignment until the last moment. I question myself and think: why do I do this? I know I’m causing myself additional stress. (pause)

Actually, that might be why I continue to procrastinate. Having the mindset that the difference between success and failure is only 8 hours away, drives me. It causes me to focus solely on the task at hand. After 2 years of college I’ve learned this is how I operate and have adopted the just go with it game plan.

**Body 2:**  Now being 20 and living in Florida, Maryland, and now Charleston I’ve had several people in my life who I would consider my closest friends. I found myself surrounded by people who I could kindly call strange. Others may use the term unstable or even schizo in a joking fashion. These people I surrounds myself with, help fuel my chaotic life style by being conciently inconsient.

**Body 3:** My personal living space is a total disaster. In a logical sense, nothing belongs where it should be (Similar to this speech). Most of my belongings are buried under old note books and piles of recently wash but unfolded close. I doubt a thief would be able to steal anything just because they wouldn’t find anything. However, I seem to know exactly where everything is Attempting to clean my room is useless, as it will soon return to its natural state of *chaos*.

**Transition:** In much the same way as my tendency to procrastinate, I’m always very close to being late but am rarely late. I always push myself for time, but mange to make my time. Ultimately, I thrive on the minutes in between leaving and arrive, with so little room for error.

**Conclusion:** Perhaps this is because the things we obtain easily in life are not as meaningful as the things we struggle for. The feeling of urgency caused by great stress makes accomplishments much more rewarding. Even though I have been provided with every opportunity not to live in *chaos* I chose to perpetuate the lifestyle. Again my name is Alexander. It’s contradictory to organize a speech about a chaotic lifestyle, but here we are.