Kurt Westerman

Oral Comm.

Afsaneh Roe

7-9-15

**If you wait till the last minute It only takes a minute**

It is now 2 p.m. on Thursday afternoon, I just got out of speech class, and I have almost 24 hours before my speech outline is due. I am on my way to the bus stop when I encounter one of my old lab T.A.s Eugene; he happens to be catching the same bus as me so we catch up along the way. As I am ridding to my stop with Eugene I think to myself “I will get this assignment done when I get home after my haircut.”

**“**Good afternoon,” says the lady who cuts my hair “have a seat right over here.” She does a great job while we discuss summer school, school supplies, and her history degree. As I give 20%, pocket my receipt, and walk into the parking lot I see a nearby sonic. I am suddenly ravenous. I walk into one of the stalls and order a breakfast burrito with everything on it, tots, and a water. One of my friends happened to be working there and showed me the map of the tan route, my phone is out of data, before I got my food from another server who was new. I sit on the sidewalk to eat at the stop since there is no bench. Soon the bus is here and the driver informs me that I can’t eat on the bus. I comply and stow my food away.

I got caught up talking with an elderly man about all the different kinds of weather as the rain ragged around us. I was barely able to hear him as he spoke to me and I didn’t want to seem rude so I strained to listen. I nearly missed my stop, but the bus driver let me off. I crossed the street and went into the gas station I work at to ask my boss when my next shift will be since the weekly schedule ends tomorrow while I finish my delicious fast food. I wait for the blue line to show up while I am in the gas station. The ride back to my place is short.

I am greeted by my cat Nelson when I get home; we go upstairs for some heavy petting. Er ist so warm und flau. I decide to log into a few of my games and do bit of winding down. I play for a few hours while I do my laundry. Many knaves were vanquished in a cleansing wave of brilliant fire. I decide to practice on my keyboard for a while, Nelson likes to “help” me play duets sometimes. By 11 p.m. I am feeling a little hungry so I swiftly prepare a chicken sandwich, provolone cheese is my favorite.

I return to my computer and open a word document with my name, class info, date, and tittle. My friends online summon me to their aid; I proclaim that I must do this assignment, but I have time for one with buddies. Maybe one more. Ok, it is 1:49 a.m. and I will now be writing a speech on procrastination. Moral of the story: occasionally in life a little last-minute motivation is what you need, but if it is something important do it right away. By getting started ahead of time you ensure a quality final product and save yourself a lot of stress in the process.