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More Like a Waste of Time

If you asked me what’s a good example something that is a waste of time, I would have one answer, high school English class. Freshman year or senior year, it didn’t matter. Whether I took a regular level class, honors, or AP. It all seemed irrelevant and I learned absolutely nothing.

I had high hopes in the beginning stepping into the big people school that I would become a well-rounded student but right from the beginning all my math classes left my English ones in the dust. The reason for this is just because I didn’t learn anything. Then later on it was that I didn’t learn anything and the class was boring. My freshman year we had to completely memorize a Shakespeare play. You cannot convince me that has any real purpose except for a grade. I can understand a reading the play, and performing the play with a script because performing and watching is the purpose of a play but there is no reason to spend 2 months memorizing a play that will not help us with anything in the future.

I hoped things would change once I decided to enroll in Honors English the next year and of course they didn’t but I blame this one completely on the teacher. She was very nice but the biggest pushover in the school and didn’t even have control of her own classroom. Once again I found myself doing pointless assignments and as a result this is when my true hate for English began. Friends would ask me “Do you have English next?” and my response to that would be “If by English you mean waste my time, then yes.”

Finally my junior year things seemed like they were going to change because for about the first month and a half of school the teacher I had was assigning a lot of writing. For homework and in class. On top of that, we did DLG every day. I didn’t necessarily enjoy doing all those things but I felt like it was actually helping me instead of the pointless stuff I was doing before. Everything was going good and then I got switched into another class because a new teacher was hired. My new teacher was very different from the one I thought was finally helping me. In my new class, we didn’t write enough, we didn’t practice grammar, we barely did anything in the class. Some of the students were just disrespectful and the class was never in control so that made it three consecutive failures for English classes.

Finally, the worst one comes last. My thinking going into senior year was “There is no way that AP English is going to be like all my other classes.” Boy, was I right. It wasn’t like the other English classes I had taken. This one was full of busy work. Busy work for every single thing you could think of. If it was possible we had an assignment for it but once again I didn’t really benefit from it since we never really did anything for my reading comprehension and writing skills which was all I was worried about.

At this point I was convinced that I was an above average writer since my writing scores were pretty good but there were still people in my class that were leaps ahead of me and I wanted to catch them. This class wasn’t helping but it was also just making me feel depressed. I took a lot of time to finish a bunch of busy work that was just going to go in the garbage after it was graded. Because of all the time I was using on the class, I had less time to do stuff for my other classed which resulted in me not doing any homework for my other classes. Good thing I was smart enough to get by in calculus and statistics without doing my homework assignments. Aside from making feel depressed, this was also the first and only B I received in high school and even though it helped me develop a good working habit I dropped it at the end of the semester. I will not even talk about the class I was switched into because it was pretty much freshman English all over again which is just a shame.

My whole high school experience with the English subject was negative with AP English really cementing how terrible it was. I didn’t learn anything useful, didn’t practice my writing, and was the most sad I have ever been. At least college English can only get better.