

Procrastination

by Rachel Eisner

Finals are approaching, and I have to remind myself that it's the big time. I'm a senior in college, and the end of the second semester is no time to be dancing in dog doo doo. Just because I'm a pet-sitter and love dogs, does not mean that I have a license to betray my homework and play with the Clarkie pets, though they are cute and sometimes more friendly than certain administrators I have crossed paths with. And though life in the nineteenth century probably had its perks (like no Daka and real smoked beef jerky), I cringe when I have eight chapters waiting to be read. And on Saturday night when I could be snorting Lik-m-Aid in the GS. So, procrastination is bad. Drugs are bad. Ecstasy is in, bellbottoms are out.

I can't keep up with the styles, kinda like the fact that at 5:46 on Saturday night my eight page paper on women in history has not come alive yet. Maybe the Clark EMS could come and resuscitate it? But this problem of putting off my homework is really taking control of me and interfering with my life. I wonder if they have a Procrastination Anonymous program, or at least a hotline. Maybe I should go to Weirdo Anonymous. I have not yet taken a consensus of what usual people do when they cannot study, but I bet it's somewhat along the lines of going to Daka hoping to run into their buddies, pretend they're calling someone from the phone in the UC or wait a few days to get their order from Black Tie.

I, my friends, am a Clarkie of a different burrito. I watch Beavis and Butthead at three in the morning, or send the President of Shaw's my poem about his supermarket. Today I decided

I, my
friends,
am a
Clarkie
of a
different
burrito.

I'd write to Paul Simon. Wouldn't that be cool if he wrote back and I was responsible for booking him at Clark? (It certainly would be a change from Yorick and the Potato Heads.) But I have also enjoyed the nice outdoors and taken advantage of the Kneller 'cause I'm fat.

There are certainly a lot of ways to procrastinate. You, too, could write a poem about Lucky Charms and send it to the General Mills cereal company. Things to do in the dorm and around Clark are endless—but if I want to graduate in this century, I think I'll just write my papers, take my tests and grin. JUST DO IT.