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Narrative Project

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Unfinished Work

My vision is blurred but I can see the lights from my laptop keys glow as I lift my face up off it. I pushed the laptop away because my bedroom is dark, and the lights are bright in my face. I rolled to the opposite side of the bed and through splits of my black chic curtains, I see the bluish-gray light of outside and the street lights are off. I start to panic, throwing my oh too many pillows around and swinging my blanket side to side looking for my phone.

“Where is my phone?”

I needed to see what time it was because I never heard my alarm go off. As I’m shuffling around for my phone, I smelled Monday morning rising fast from the window I had left open. My phone had fallen behind my headboard and landed on the black carpet floor face down. I started to reach for it, but my arm was too short to stretch. I should have just gotten out of the bed to get it, but it was too early to think straight.

“Come on, what the hell,” I continued to reach for my phone.

I could not reach it, so I got out of the bed, on to the floor, laid flat on my stomach, slide one arm towards the center of the bed and grabbed the phone. I quickly flipped it over, pressed my thumb against the home button, and the phone read 6:08 am. Sitting on the side of the bed, out of my peripheral vision I saw my laptop waking up. All the tabs I was working on the night before started to pop up of unfinished homework and test information that I did not finish reviewing, my mind starts racing.

“What am I going to do?”

“Why did I listen to him?”

“Ok, don’t panic.”

I immediately regretted that I went out the night before. I started to speed walk to the bathroom thinking if I was to get dressed fast enough maybe I would have time to finish my homework and study a little bit. While washing my face over my sink bowl, I caught a glimpse of my face in the mirror it read disappointment and regret. No Mario Badescu Enzyme Cleansing Gel was going to wash this look off my face. I brush my teeth and hit the hot spots (PTA is hot spots- pits, tits, and ass). Looking good was not an option today. Therefore, I did not do my makeup, nor did I pick out something cute to wear. I set back on the side of the bed and grabbed my laptop to finish my assignments and study for my test. It seemed like I had more time, but it had run out fast and I had to get on the road. I was mad that I was not able to finish, all I kept thinking about was the day before.

 The day before, I had made plans to get all my assignment done first then study. Studying for me did not require any physical writing. I normally just reread through all the marital for the topic multiple times until it sticks. So, I stared with my assignments that require physical thinking and writing like math and Spanish. Everything was going just as I planned until my boyfriend called. He had gotten back in town early from a business trip and wanted to go see a movie that started around seven. I told him no because I had to study and finish some assignments. Plus, I would have lost three hours of time that could be spent finishing up my homework if I went. He was so persuasive, telling me that I had been working so hard that I needed a break. He suggests that he would help me get my homework done by checking over my work and studying with me. He had me convinced, I started thinking that maybe I did need a break. I have not had any social time for myself, I did miss him, and we had not been out in a while. What the hell I’m going to go, and I started to get dress.

It took me twenty minutes to think about wearing something chill or sexy. I think I pulled 20% of my clothes out the closet. Laying tops and bottoms side by side on my bed, to see what went together. I decided to go with a black and red button up over a one-piece black tank jumpsuit, and black and white Vans. I had been working and going to school full-time in this case I looked like a zombie in the face. Therefore, make-up was needed, and I wasted forty-minutes painting and drawing on my face.

After I was ready, it took us twenty minutes to get to the AMC movie theater in Marple. I cannot recall the name of the movie we saw that night, but I know it was about two hours long after the previews. By the time I got home I was exhausted I wanted to just divide in the bed, but that was not an option. I needed to get out of my street clothes, clean my face, and finish my assignments. I had kicked my shoes off at the front door. Then I dragged myself upstairs to the bathroom, turned my phone pandora on to Cardi B station and laid it on the bathroom sink. I started with my face taking fifteen-minutes to melt down the waterproof makeup with coconut oil and wiping it off with a disposable clothe. I turn the shower on while preparing to tie my hair with a silk scarf? I stepped into the shower and the water was just right, hot as I like it. The shower was so relaxing I did not realize twenty minutes had passed by.

Afterward, I got in the bed with the intentions to jump back into where I had left off with my assignment. I opened my laptop started looking at what should I do first while trying to find a comfortable position. I laid on my side with one hand holding up head. My other hand was hovering over the lab top keys waiting for my brain to respond. My eye became so heavy I felt like I was stretching them open. I could not put up a fight anymore and I shut down like a tv powering off.

Monday mornings always come fast, now I am in my SUV driving to school with regret and faring for my grades. I pray that my classes are canceled, but that’s too farfetched. So, I started talking to myself about ways to convince my teacher to let me make up the homework. While also studying for my Spanish test from my phone, trying to remember what Spanish words are for what English words.