

Weston Hanks
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Work, Work, Work, All Day Long!

Work sucks. So why should I be expected to work when I could be enjoying myself or having fun? I have the rest of my life to work, right? So why should I have to start now? I should be able to relax and just live in the moment. I can work later. These were my thoughts until I realized how important work actually is because of my life experiences.

Every Friday or Saturday morning I get up with my two older brothers and get to work for the day. I hate it! It's usually around seven o'clock and I feel like I should at least be able to sleep until nine or so. My dad, who always wakes up early himself, is usually the one to battle us out of bed. He'll call down on that stupid intercom and try to wake us up. I say "stupid" intercom because it is the worst thing ever invented. My dad could stay upstairs all day and use that intercom to call down and try to wake us up without ever even having to go downstairs. We really don't want to get out of bed the first time he calls down so we just lay there, pretending we didn't hear him, hoping he won't call again, and praying that we can go back into a deep sleep that won't be disturbed in any way. This happens probably two or three more times before we even consider getting up. The reason we finally get up is because we usually hear the anger in my dad's voice and know that we had better get up before we get in trouble and have to do more work than we know we already have to do. When we finally zombie walk upstairs, my dad always states that, "We have lots to do today!" We know what that really means though. We know that that means we will do a few chores and then spend the rest of the day sitting on the couch watching TV with him. I still have not figured out his reasoning for getting us up that early either. I have a theory that it is because he wakes up so early and just wants some company

for the day. Anyway, my brothers and I don't complain and get to work as he says. We do the usual chores such as washing the car, mowing the lawn, picking the garden, going to the grocery store, cleaning the house, getting the mail, and anything else that my dad can find for us to do that day. He sits back and cracks the whip at us, making sure that we do the job right. "If you can't do a job right, it's not worth doing!" That's what he always tells us. Every single time he says that I just think, "Then why are we doing this? You just said yourself it wasn't worth doing!" While we don't spend that much time doing each job, it is tough work and basically wipes us out for the day. So what is the point of this? Why should we have to get up early to do a few jobs that we can do any time of the week? There isn't a point, right? That's what I thought at first, but now I think differently.

Along with working physically, like in the ways that I worked on Saturday mornings, I have also worked out mentally. Schoolwork is a major example of my mental workout. Junior year was a tough year for me. Taking difficult classes such as AP Calculus, AP U.S. History, SLCC Spanish, SLCC Physics, and Honors English made that year a busy one. On top of having all of those classes, I had the normal, everyday chores that I had to do for my family, a busy golf schedule, and a lawn business consisting of seven lawns that I had to take care of. My life sucked, I'm not going to lie! I was always busy, from early in the morning until late at night. Some nights I didn't even get sleep because I was so busy and couldn't afford to lose any precious time to sleep. On a normal day I would get up early at about five o'clock in order to finish any homework that I just couldn't handle the night before. I could only take so much homework at one time. I would rush through Calculus problems and Spanish assignments until I absolutely had no more time. I had to leave my house at seven-thirty or else I was not going to make it to school on time. Then at school I would be so tired that I could hardly stay awake. I

had to come up with creative ways to stay awake such as having someone nudge me when I was nodding off, setting an alarm on my phone to go off every five minutes so that it would vibrate in my pocket and keep me awake, and even keeping food in my pocket so that I could snack all day in order to keep myself occupied. It was tough, but I managed to force myself to stay awake.

What was even harder than that though was trying to actually learn and get something out of my classes. I had to take avid notes and pay special attention to the teachers while they were lecturing. I even had to meet after school with other students so that they could teach me any concepts that I missed and they understood. Sometimes I had to miss class for golf, which did not help my comprehension at all. I would miss half days and sometimes even full days in order to go to a golf tournament. Then after walking a long eighteen holes, I would return back home. The challenge with golf was that, not only did I get out early from school, but I would also have to stay out late playing golf. Sometimes the team wouldn't get back until about nine or ten o'clock at night! By the time I got home from school, I was dead tired. On the days that I didn't have my day packed with golf, I had to take care of my lawn business. I had to rush home and head straight into the backyard and drag out my broken lawnmower to put it in my truck and start mowing lawns. Depending on how much time I had and how much homework I had that night, I would mow anywhere from one to seven lawns in one night. If you thought golfing for hours would drain me of my energy, just imagine me mowing lawns with a broken lawnmower for the same amount of time; it was not my idea of a fun time. Don't worry because my day wasn't even close to over after all of this work. After an exhausting day, I would return home only to do more work: homework. On a typical day I would probably stay up until one or two o'clock reading and taking notes for different classes. If my homework schedule happened to be really jam-packed I would stay up until three or four o'clock and maybe even pull an all-nighter if I had to. So again,

what is the point of all of this madness? Why work so hard when I could take easier classes and reduce my schedule?

Before I answer the “why” questions of this craziness, I want to answer the “how” questions. How was I able to even accomplish these tasks and have this outrageous schedule? Well, I have come to the conclusion that it was because of my Saturday work schedule that I was able to handle everything. I believe that it was because I learned how to work hard and work fast that I accomplished all of my goals throughout the day when I had my hectic schedule. I learned that I needed to finish all my tasks at hand as soon as possible and that I needed to do them right so that I didn’t have to repeat them again. The same thing goes with my schoolwork. If I do it right the first time, there is no need to worry about it and I know that I am going to get a good grade because I did the absolute best that I could. I needed to do my schoolwork fast also because I barely had any time. I learned to stay focused for short periods of time until I finished what I was working on. I also applied this to my schoolwork because I focused on one class at a time until I got it done. Then, I would take a short break and move on to the next subject. As for getting up early...well that is obvious. I had to constantly get up early and stay up late in order to get both my chores and my homework done. I know that because I grew up working hard every Saturday, I was able to handle anything life threw at me and work hard in order to get everything done right.

Now the “why” questions are a little bit easier to answer now that I have answered the “how” questions. I already explained that I worked hard every Saturday morning in order to prepare myself for working hard in school. So why wouldn’t the same reason be applied to why I worked hard in school? I did it in order to prepare myself later in life. I am going to have to work hard the rest of my life, so why not start now? I need to be able to work hard now so that I can

know how to work hard later. If I didn't spend all that time and energy working on the different varieties of tasks, I wouldn't know what to do in the future. I have come to the conclusion that because I learned how to work hard and efficiently, I will be able to handle any task that life throws at me.