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Having a topic to write about has always been my problem. Whenever I sit down to write something, I just stare at the blank page that lies in my computer, just staring at the blinking cursor. The phone is sitting right there besides me, waiting for me to pick it up and call someone. The *need* to call someone is always stronger than the need to do my homework.

I always take a break before I actually start writing. I usually call Ana Sofia first, and we talk about our crushes for about an hour, then I ask her if she has already started her essay, she usually tells me that she hasn't and that she doesn't even have a topic to write about. Since neither of us has started, we just keep on talking instead of hanging up. Then, I freak out, and I tell her, "I'm gonna call Sophie, just to see if she has already started writing." I hang up and call Sophie. An hour more passes by and, just like me, she hasn't started her assignment, for she is too busy playing her guitar. As I finally hang up the phone, about two hours and a half have already passed, and I look at my watch and it is almost ten o'clock at night. I still have plenty of time to write something, I think to myself, actually believing it.

There are some days, in which I call both of them in the afternoon, and they have already finished with their homework. When this happens, I completely freak out and I begin writing and finish early. This rarely happens though. Instead of worrying about my essay, I do my other homework, like Pre-Cal, which takes me hours to do because I never understand anything.

When I finally finish the rest of my homework, it's about four in the morning; a new day with an assignment due in about five hours. It's frustrating not to have anything to write about, I have already written something about the significant people or events that have happened in my life, I tried to write fiction, but the stories just didn't work out, the endings were and still are, always the problem.

As I stare at the blank Word Document, I only get more frustrated, so I minimize the window, and start changing the music. I can't even decide what type of music I want to listen to, for I don't even

distinguish the mood in which I am. I click at the "shuffle" button so that my music will play randomly... I listen to English, Spanish and even French songs, and with every song that I listen to,

a memory comes to my mind, like the place and moment where I first heard the song, or when I watched the "Making the Video" of the song. It's a nice feeling to be able to remember every story of the song that's playing.

I usually write my assignments on my lap-top, because while writing I can comfortably lie down in my bed. This has a great disadvantage though, for I am all dried out of ideas and the only thing that I can think while trying to write, is to fall asleep. But then if I fall asleep over my lap-top my whole essay would look like this "guhthrtguhwgvjnrjghrgh," for my forehead would be pressing all of the keyboard, and I wouldn't want to turn in something like *that*.

I usually never finish my assignments at one in the morning, so I wake up at 4 am

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"The better work men do is always done under stress and at great personal cost."

- William Carlos Williams

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(this time really works for me) to finish my assignments. After I'm done, I fall asleep again, but only for a couple of hours. I don't know why, but usually the best pieces that I've written are the ones that I write about two hours before they are due. Maybe this is because I work better under pressure. The inconvenience of writing my pieces at 4 am is that if I'm writing something that makes me cry, then I'll arrive at school with red and swollen eyes. I hate this because people *know* me, and they know that if my eyes are in that condition, there are three possibilities they can choose from: I had a fight with my parents, I didn't sleep at all, or I wrote something that I don't want people to read. Still, I always turn in my papers, so it's obvious that people *do* read them.

I once arrived at school with my eyes so swollen, that I thought about wearing my sunglasses for the rest of the day. I tried to put makeup before leaving for school, but it only made my eyes look more swollen. That day I had written about my brother's departure, and that I felt alone without him. This is a subject that really gets me going, and I often end up writing essays about him.

Working under pressure carries psychological advantages. This really works for me because if I am not pushed to do my work, then I will end up procrastinating even more than usual. While working at 4 am, my mind goes wild with crazy ideas and thoughts, that usually don't go through my mind at midnight or 1 am. I really don't know why I chose this time to do my homework. I didn't exactly choose it, it is my mind that controls my body, and at that time, even though I'm tired, I still have enough energy to keep on typing my work.

The thing that I don't like about choosing a topic to write about, is that I am not a very original person, so the topics that I would want to write about, have already been written in the past. I have many ideas written in my journal from last year, but I usually don't like those topics. I have the advantage that my first language is Spanish, so I *could*

write in my native language, but it's just simply incredible that I cannot write in Spanish. Instead of taking me about three hours thinking about something to write, it would take me at least five hours if I wrote in that language.

Poetry. I've also tried it, and it just never works out. I usually don't understand what goes inside a poet's mind. Poems are wonderful yet, to me, often undecipherable. The poems sound great, the techniques are incredibly well-applied, but I understand poems only after I have read them at least five times.

Choosing something to write about is difficult for me, even if I have the liberty to write about anything that I like. I have this liberty and I don't really take advantage of it. Still, I'd rather write anything, than having to write something about a topic that has already been chosen for me. I sometimes steal the ideas of pieces that I've already read, and try to make them sound better, sometimes this works, but sometimes it doesn't. As my teacher always tell us, "Mediocre writers borrow, but great writers steal".

Working under pressure makes me want to keep on writing just about anything, and when I have only about thirty minutes left to write, I decide to change my topic... Whenever I do this, I have the most stressful mornings because I did not have enough time to finish writing and because I didn't have any time to eat my breakfast or even get ready to go to school.

My mom has recently realized that I always finish my homework in the mornings, and she told me the other day, "I don't want you to be printing your homework before leaving to school in the mornings, so you better finish everything the day before." When she told me this, I completely freaked out because I actually enjoy finishing my writing in the mornings. It's stressing, but I'm already used to it.

I've always criticized the girls at my school who didn't have time to eat breakfast

at home. Now I understand why: because they are procrastinators just like myself. Now it's time for me to go to school, my mom is yelling at me, "I told you I didn't want you to be finishing your homework at

this time!" I haven't eaten my breakfast and I will not because there is no more time, and still... I haven't even started writing my essay, for I don't have a subject to write about.