"Hey, Walter, are you planning on staying all day?"
"Huh? Oh yeah, sure."

The auditorium is rapidly emptying, and with it comes a thick blanket of silence. Enveloped in my own thoughts, I have missed most of the assembly, but that isn't important. Now we have the next six minutes to go to our lockers and our first class, but I already have the books I need.

Thinking back over the past month, I remember numerous times when I wasted hours upon hours of valuable time, lying in front of the television or just daydreaming. Our English teacher gave the assignment five weeks ago.

"This short story is, in your own way, to symbolize something. Just make sure that someone with a little intelligence, namely me, will be able to recognize what you are trying to show. Have your story, with at least two thousand words, completed by April 21."

Today is April 21.

Three days ago I began to get worried about the story. I know I shouldn't procrastinate the way I do, but you know how it goes. When the assignment doesn't have to be handed in for two or three weeks, or even a week, it seems like a long way off. I always excuse myself by saying that I work better under pressure, but for some reason it didn't work that way last night.

Last night I still hadn't begun to write the stupid story. I mean, I had tried, but success had evaded me. Well, I was sitting there with the radio on, because of course I work better with noise in the background, trying to make my pen write a story. On my seven or so previous attempts, I could...