



FROM COOK TO ENGLISH MAJOR: A NOT SO SUCCESS STORY.

by Raegan Cote

I'll openly admit, my class attendance is complete garbage. The first semester was rough, the second semester I might as well have dropped off the face of the earth. Dragging my butt to a one-hour lecture, three days a week, was seemingly the closest thing to hell that I knew. Okay, that's an exaggeration. Sort of. I know I'm not alone in this, though. I see you, person in the back of the class, I know you don't know what's going on. I bet you haven't even unwrapped your textbook. I bet you didn't know that we had a midterm today. It's okay though, neither did I. We can fail in solidarity.

I wasn't always like this, you know. I once had perfect attendance. I once didn't depend on caffeine like it was the only source of pleasure. I once had morals about showing up late, or at all for that matter. In high school, I might've been what one would call a "nerd." I like being liked by my teachers. It's this sense of pride that no one else can hand to me. A teacher's pet, maybe. A straight-A student?

Definitely.

This Can-Do attitude transcended throughout my trades program I had taken a couple years after high school graduation. When I reminisce about my days in the Professional Cook program, I think about waking up at the crack of dawn, rarely having time to squeeze in a shower, and speeding my little Kia all the way down foothills, just to barely

make it on time for a 7am start. Monday- Friday, add that to working 30 hours a week at a restaurant, exercising, and still somehow, I managed to have the most rambunctious social life I had had since high school. My attendance was nearly flawless, and I didn't even drink that much coffee. How did I do it, you ask? Am I a superhuman? Perhaps. But there may be a more logical answer to things.

I have learned the hard way that attendance is what will make (or break) your grades in this college. Word of advice, do not rely on Moodle. Professor's love giving away secret details during that cannot be found beyond the confines of the classroom. Sometimes Moodle is not available at all, which can work, but often leaves students with poor attendance hanging. Sometimes I think I'd be better off taking online courses.

I know this sounds like I am beginning to defend students and their bad grades, but that's not quite what I'm getting at. This has become a more personal mystery for me. I am attempting to get to the bottom of how I managed to go from super-human, to stressed-ridden, perpetually exhausted, broke student with the simple switch of programs.

My first theory starts with the fact that during the cooking program if I wasn't there, people definitely noticed. In a class of twenty-four, if one cook didn't show up, things fell