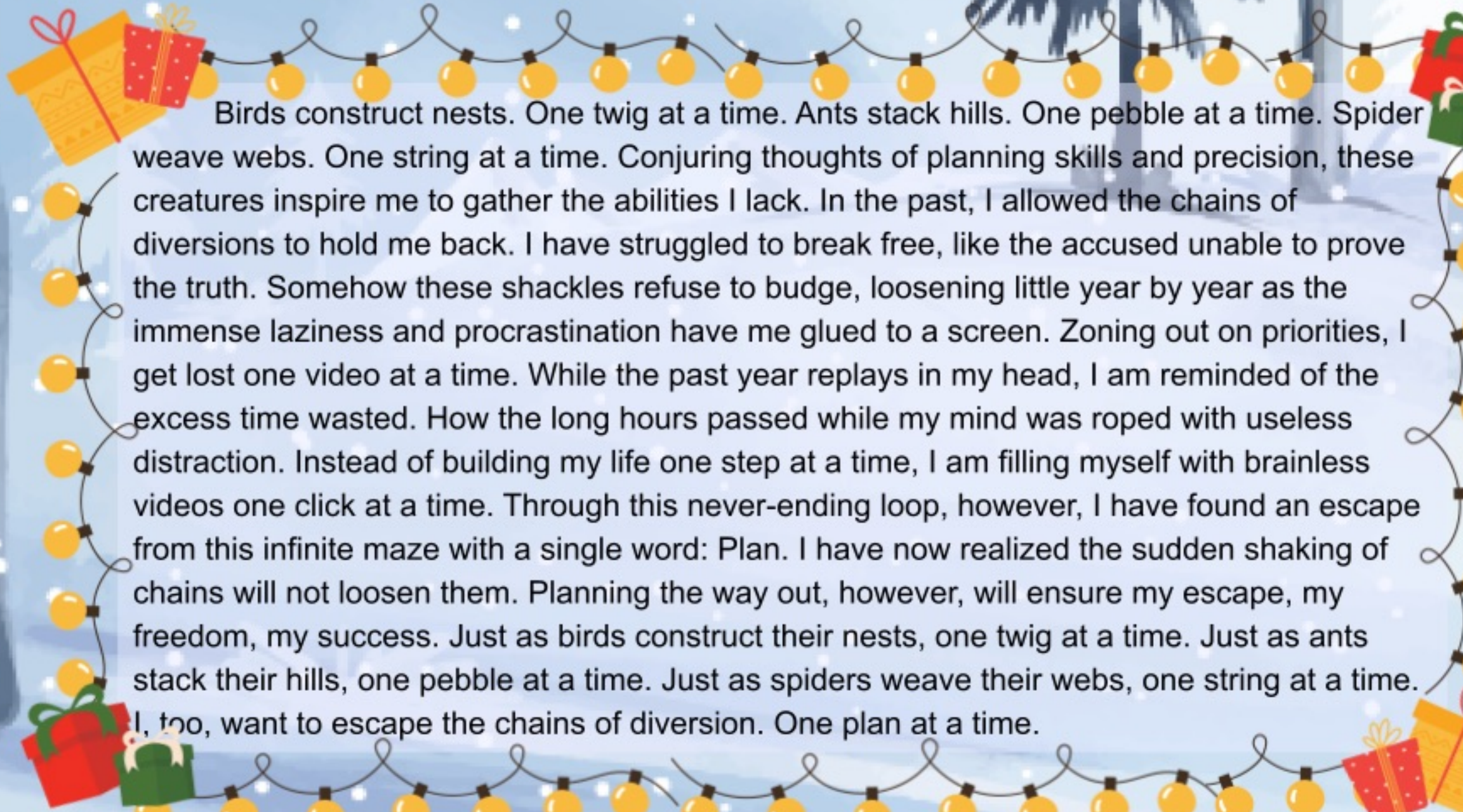


# One Year at a Time



Birds construct nests. One twig at a time. Ants stack hills. One pebble at a time. Spider weave webs. One string at a time. Conjuring thoughts of planning skills and precision, these creatures inspire me to gather the abilities I lack. In the past, I allowed the chains of diversions to hold me back. I have struggled to break free, like the accused unable to prove the truth. Somehow these shackles refuse to budge, loosening little year by year as the immense laziness and procrastination have me glued to a screen. Zoning out on priorities, I get lost one video at a time. While the past year replays in my head, I am reminded of the excess time wasted. How the long hours passed while my mind was roped with useless distraction. Instead of building my life one step at a time, I am filling myself with brainless videos one click at a time. Through this never-ending loop, however, I have found an escape from this infinite maze with a single word: Plan. I have now realized the sudden shaking of chains will not loosen them. Planning the way out, however, will ensure my escape, my freedom, my success. Just as birds construct their nests, one twig at a time. Just as ants stack their hills, one pebble at a time. Just as spiders weave their webs, one string at a time. I, too, want to escape the chains of diversion. One plan at a time.