

Zun Phyu Thant

ENG#100

Formal Assignment #1

Draft# 3

The Lesson We Take from Failure Can be Fundamental to Later Success

A day in December, the wind was dancing with the trees, sometimes East from West, sometimes West from South. My feet were hurry toward the building 5, which belongs to Architectural major and I gripped the sheets for my presentation tightly on my left hand and the right was T-square for the design class. The clock was slowly ticking through 8 o'clock and the presentation would start after 15 minutes. Near the building 5, some familiar faces from my major were heading down and some were heading up, smiling as if they were not nervous for their presentation. Students from other majors joking and laughing around after their breakfast, were going toward the buildings they belong to on the way from canteen to the classes. When Nandar saw me, she said, "Hey, do you have a presentation today?"

"Yes, I do."

"See, I guess it right." She turned to her friend with a smirk.

"By the way, how do you know that?" I wondered.

"Well, you got your new pimple on your face.", she said. I realized that even other students know when the presentation got closer, I got a new pimple on my skin. Unlucky us, we have a presentation at the end of every month.

"Yeah, I envy you, you don't have to worry every month!" I said.

"Haha, that's our major, our life. We only have to worry once a semester.", Nandar said, with little empathy for me and more happiness for herself.

“Anyway. Wish me luck.”

“Good luck!”.

Then, it came into my thought the time when I got the matriculation exam (final high school year result). I decided to choose the Yangon Technological University as I am interested both in engineering and art. I was always noted that I am bad at drawing and don't have an instinct for creativity told by my family and teachers since I was in the elementary school. However, I wanted to reject what others told me about no sense of art. As for my humility, I wanted to prove that they are wrong. By the time, I had the drawing class, I lacked confidence, but I tried harder than I could. Last two weeks, I was asked to draw a picnic shelter as my very first project. I was working hard days and nights for that project. A week before the presentation, I asked for the suggestion and what I needed to know for the presentation from the instructor Aye about my final draft. She said that it was good enough, and I didn't need to worry about it and they want to focus only on design. I was lost in my thought. When I heard the professor Mg's voice, I found out I was now in front of the presentation room.

“Sticks your sheets on the board and prepare for the presentation. Remember the top view is at the first place and front then right and section.”, he said.

“Yes, sir”

I saw the stands and the board to tap the sheets, and five seats for professors and instructors from our department. When I walked into the room with my heart pounding so fast, I noticed that only three seats were filled; professor Mg, associate professor Thu, and instructor Aye. I was pretty nervous, but I took the deep breath, giving myself courage, “I can do it!”.

“Hello, this is roll no. 26, Zun Phyu Thant. Today, I am going to present my picnic shelter, which is 30ft wide and 10ft tall.” I paused for a while as the professor Thu and instructor Aye are talking to each other.

“Just continue your presentation”, professor Mg said.

“I create the uncomplicated design and contemporary style.”

“Ok, I get it. Which material will you use for that building?”, only professor Mg was paying attention to me.

“The base and walls are with cement and all the windows are with glasses.”

“What type of glass?” the professor Mg asked.

“I have no idea.”

“Haven’t you taken the lectures about it?”

“The lecture hasn’t covered the types of glass for the construction yet.”

“Are you sure it hasn’t covered about them yet?” asked instructor Aye.

“How could you don’t know? Even the same year civil students know better than you. Don’t you feel ashamed for your major?”, again she said.

“That girl is talking a lot and using her phone while I am teaching. She is just a bad student.”, she convinced to the head professor Mg.

“No, I am not that type of person and I am trying my best for this project.”

“You better not cover up. Time is up. As you don’t know the basic thong like that, we couldn’t pass you. Plus, we don’t need a student like you.”

“But you said my work is alright and I don’t need to worry?”

“This is because you wouldn’t have enough time to prepare.”

“Please give me five more minutes, let me show my work what I prepared.”

“Our time is precious. we don’t want to waste our time a student like you.”

I was trembling so much that I couldn't say a word. Tears were filling up, I couldn't stand there anymore. I came out from the room. When I walked down the street, the leaves were falling from like my dream was fainting away from my mind. I put all my heart and soul into that project. This is unfair for me to deserve like that. I spent all my time to make their old school method to design and draw, but their five minutes were precious and what about our time for drawing? All I got was a failure. Moreover, since there was no make-up nor another try, I needed to wait one more year to reattend the class. Should I bear this burden from this messed up education system or get out of it? I cooled down myself and thought carefully which choice should be better for me. ‘It is never too late to start over. If you weren’t happy with yesterday, try something different today.’, once my father said. Then, I realized that I am not the one who failed, they are the ones who failed to prevent my dream. From their failure, I could take the advantage to restart my life and career at America. I love this place, full of the modernized technology, better education system, no old school way and friendly professors and instructors. One day, after I get my degree, I can proof that I receive an international standard degree and will get better job opportunities because they failed me. I had learned this, ‘In any situation in life that is negative, there is something positive you can do with it.’, adapted from Caine Scrutiny by Lawrence Eisenberg. I believe that the lessons from the failure may lead to my future goals precisely and successfully.