

Zun Phyu Thant

ENG#100

Formal Assignment #1

## **OLD SCHOOL WAY**

A day in December 2015, the wind was dancing with the trees, sometimes East from West, sometimes West from South. My feet towards the building 5 were hurry and my left hand gripped the sheets tightly and the right was T-square. The clock was slowly ticking through 8am and the jury would start at 8:15 am. 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 lunch, were going towards the building 1 and 2 on the way from canteen to the classes. When Nandar saw me, she said, “ Hey, do you have a jury 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 acne on your face.’

‘Yeah, I envy you, you don’t have to worry every month!’ Nandar said, with little empathy for me and more happiness for herself.

Haha, that’s our major, our life. We only have to worry once a semester.’

'Anyway. Wish me luck.'

'Good luck!'

They might have time to finish their breakfast at the canteen as their exams are not near yet.

Unlucky us, we have a jury at the end of every month. Even other students know when the jury

gets closer, I got a new pimple. I hate my skin. Last two years, my skin was normal. At the first

year, we don't have an audition like that. We simply drew the lines, shades, trees, very basic

art. We just drew the lines two or three pages! At sophomore year, a little bit improved, we

learned how to draw the views, like front, side of the sample house from plan view by manual.

Also, they teach us with the computer software, called AutoCAD 2D. Since there is no enough

computers and they are old, the instructors suggested us to take AutoCAD 2D or 3D classes

from the outside tuitions.

Time flies so fast, i am now a junior. That day was the first day of junior semester. I saw many

people wearing our school uniform, leaving from the bus, and heading to the campus. The

streets to the buildings are full of students. Some were gathering in front of the rooms before

the class, some chatting on their ways to classes, some celebrating the reunion at the canteen.

and headed to the third floor. I passed through the hallway from the main building and then

canteen and finally arrived at the block B. While walking on the corridor, girls were coming out

from the bathrooms, some preparing their bags, some being ready to go the class. Room 323

door was still close. I knocked the door and came in and found my friend in her pajamas.

'Why haven't you changed your clothes?'

'Just a minute to change. Have you heard about the jury?'

'Yeah', I exhaled.

'Start from this year, our lives will be tough because of it, you know.'

'I hope it won't be that bad like we heard from the seniors.'

'Don't worry too much yet. Enjoy your first day of semester. let's have breakfast first.'

After eating at the canteen, we headed to the building 5 again. The familiar faces were also going to the same building from different directions. Due to the weather, the leaves are falling as the direction of the wind. At last, we had arrived the class. There are one head professor, two associate professors, and three assistant professors for the whole department. The associate professors were standing in front of the board and saying, 'Folks, Congratulation! Welcome to my class. Start from this school year, I will give you an assignment at the first week of the month, then you will have a jury at the last week. We don't accept the computer printed designs and drawings. You may draft your drawing on your computers, but you are not allowed to submit the computer printed designs. we only want hand drawings.'

'Why?'

'You know why there are people who don't even get degree like us know how to design with that kind of software. They will not know how to make hand drawing like we do. Thus why, we only take hand drawings.'

It didn't make sense to me. Nowadays is the modern technology day, we should apply the technology to catch up the developing world. But now, they are using the old school way and blocking us from developing world.

Two weeks before that day, I was asked to draw a picnic shelter as my very first project. I was working hard days and nights for that project. I asked for the suggestion from the instructor in charge for that subject about my final draft. She said that it was alright and I didn't need to worry about it anymore. As soon as I arrived there, I heard the instructor's voice.

'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.'

'Yes, sir.'

I saw the stands and the board, and five seats for the judges- professors and instructors from our department. When i walked into the room with my heart pounding so fast, I noticed that only three seats are filled.

'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 A and B in charge are talking to each other.

'Just continue your talk.'

'I create the uncomplicated design and contemporary style. '

'Ok, i get it. Which material will you use for that building?' said the other instructor. Professor A 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 asked.

'I have no idea.'

'Haven't you taken the lectures about it?'

'No, sir. We haven't learned the types of glass for the construction yet.'

'Is it true that you haven't talked about them yet?' asked to the instructor in charge.

'How could you don't know. I already talked about them. Even the same year civil students know better than you. Don't you feel ashamed for your major?' said the instructor in charge.

'That girl is talking a lot and using her phone while i am teaching. She is just a bad student.' said to the professor.

'No, i am not like that person and i am trying my best for this project.'

'You better not cover up. Time's up. As you don't know the basic thing like that, we couldn't pass you. You don't try hard enough.'

'But you said my work is alright and don't worry?'

'This is because you wouldn't have enough time to change your design even if i told it wasn't ok.'

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

'Time's up. Our time is precious. I don't want to waste out time for you.'

I was trembling so much that I couldn't say a word. Tears were filling up, I couldn't stand there anymore. I put 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. 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. Now I have been at America, restarting my life and career. I love this place, full of the modernized technology, better education system and friendly professors and instructors. 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.