

Facing Hurdles On The Way

Reported by Tan Kean Sang

Where should I start? Oh yeah, I probably should start from the time I was born in this world. This is going to be historically accurate.

I was only 1.2 kg when I was a baby, and the only way to solve this underweight problem was, 'I don't care, since I can't even say a word'.

My father was frustrated at that time, he felt that I might born as a cripple, since I was not well planned but a mistake. That proved to be true, as I was unable to form sentences during my kindergarten years.

So how do I overcome this issue? I do not know, I just learned how to talk along the way in my primary school years.

I also had issues mingling with other kids in school, I was afraid since they savagely criticizing my basketball techniques, and bullied me for being a weird quiet freak. My family was also set in total frustration when I do not blend well with other kids.

What I had done was I chose not blend with those kids who tried to put me down or put me in may place. I also cannot stand any longer from the bullies despite I filed reports to my teachers and even the vice-chancellor.

I chose to deliver a punch to one of my bullies' back when that kid tried to hide away my stuff, near towards the end of my primary school graduation. I was happy and surprised, since he acknowledged my anger.

I think that covers every conflict I face from the day I born until my primary school years.

Now you readers reading this article know the background, let me guide you back to this training camp, or rather, a concentration camp.

What made me hate about this club was that I had to learn how to create fire to cook outdoors by using wet wood pieces as fuel. While my senior students get to use gas to cook their meals.

I was scolded, barked, and humiliated by that senior I mentioned during the performance review session at midnight, for being incompetent on creating fire to cook meals for my small team.

Once again, how do I overcome this problem? The answer was crystal clear, that I skipped all of my club society activities, and advocate to all other outsiders not to join this stupid club, since they would not entertain my complaints about my experience in the camp.

That is all about my struggles during my high school years. Okay, I will continue on to my recent years of facing struggles, start with my previous college, the One Academy Penang.

I am not frustrated about the heavy workload received from the school, what I am frustrated about, was the learning atmosphere around the place.

I was schooled by one of my lecturer for not meeting the deadline of one of my assignments. That is fine, I will do better next time, because I knew I was not organized my time schedule and having gaming addiction that time.

I met with the worst people I ever worked with during my time studying diploma in digital media design. First, my group mates refused to work with me in a group work, as I had to do them all, which I done it on time, and able to do presentation about this.

The thing I cannot bear about, was that students skipping classes all the time, and I was unable to have more motivation, and I felt stressed all the time. I had to sat in front of my desk, just to learn how to draw and sketch.

So I left the art school three years ago, and meditating for about a few months about my sad life. My family was set in total frustration, as my father loss about ten thousands of Ringgit just to let me studied arts.

This is how I was ended up in INTI International College Penang, and I have more free time to do the things that I enjoy, compared to the last college I attended.