If we would all be true to ourselves, I believe every human being around the globe would agree that “education” or let me say “schooling” is one of the most difficult tasks that all must go through in order to be on the good sides of society.

Due to the universal understanding of the hardship of schooling, it has generally been advised that impediments in the way of students be drastically reduced anyway possible, so that students would only have to care and deal with hardships that are related to their academics and nothing else. That is why more developed countries provide free buses to schools, free books, internet connections, well stocked libraries, all in attempt to make students succeed. Yh! I never had any of those things. My country has better things to think about than the comfort of students. I attended senior high school in a place that was miles away from my home. The school did not have boarding dormitories for students who lived far. We all had to come and go, and it didn’t matter where anyone came from. Everyone was to arrive latest by 7am and then leave at 4.30pm; I would say nothing more nothing less, but there was always that teacher that stayed past his time. I stayed very far from the school, and to get to school, I had to be ready latest by 4.30 or 5.am to pick a bus at the station. It is only with this timing that I was sure to get to school before 7.am. anything above that, would get me clogged in a traffic that would let me miss my first two classes, and would also register me for Mr. Emmanuel’s “whoop” dance class.

After I went through the rigorous day’s routine, school would be over at 4.30, and I would have to set out home. At the bus station, I would meet a never-ending coil of human beings all waiting to get on a bus. But, even on the best days, the buses came in 40 minutes intervals, and the lines moved ridiculously slow. I would always get home at 10.pm or 11.pm, and at that time, I would be so exhausted and wouldn’t even be able to read my books or even eat. I would have to quickly finish up some chores and rush quickly to bed, so I would be able to make it to school in time the next day. The routine was intense and ridiculous, yet, no one cared the tiniest bit what you went through to get to school or how you managed to get back home. What was expected of students, had to be given! This situation impeded my academics and generally just made school distasteful.

But As time went on, and into the beginning of my second year, I started analyzing my situation and making use of the little spaces and time I had to try to make things better for myself. I stopped leaving for the bus station at 4.30. I realized that whether I left at exactly the time school closed, or four hours later, I was going to get home at 10 or 11pm anyways. So, I stayed at school during those times, did my homework. Studied more, and recorded audios of my notes on my small mobile phone, which I listened to while I was on the bus home.

This technique made me a better student, bought me a lot of time after I got home, and generally just made me love school again.