Throughout primary, Junior High School and into secondary education, I have been exposed to a variety of working different systems and mechanisms for learning. As a child, I had a cute desk down in the corner of our very little four cornered living room. The living room had a couch placed directly at its center, a dinner table behind the couch that was directly opposite the TV set. Every 5pm after my helter-skelter down the road from my school. I would quietly settle down close to my desk, pull out my books, and then start scribbling away in whichever books I wrote my homework assignment in. While I did my work, I would mime to the advertisements on the TV as my father watched his usual evening news.

The smell of the evening meal would cover the whole room, and there would be nothing else I would be able to do, other than to join the rest on the dining table to eat and watch TV. Back then, unless I was under intense supervision by my parents to finish my work or studies, I never actually did finish any of my work because of TV and the smell of food.

Onward into Senior High School, my routine was simple. Make it to school every day, come home to finish chores, and then dash back into my room to get on top of my books for the next day. I had the smallest room in the whole house. However, I had the biggest table. All my books were packed on one side, electronics on the other, a lamp in the middle, and then on the very edge, were the current books of texts I was reading or working on. The environment was never quiet, but it was always perfect. On days where my neighbors were not involved in their nightly discussions and fights, I struggled to contain my mind on what I was doing. I would get lost in unnecessary made-up plots in my head, or thinking about what had happen before during day, or who knows when. Basically, I would simply stride into a different world. My attention span was never long enough to string up a line of thought inside my head. On days that my neighbors made noise, it helped. While my mind tried to keep up with whatever they were conversing about, it created a working ground for more concentration. When I realized this, I generally started introducing music into my study sessions. Now, whenever it got quiet, I would whoop up my playlist and create my unnatural interference that helped me work. However, things never went as planned. Being a huge fun of musical melodies, using music as a means of temporary working destruction was never a good idea. I ended up singing along every song and anticipating all the climaxes that each song came with. I was never productive that way. As time went on, I found a way to recreate my neighbors’ disturbances whenever they were silent. Instead of songs, I played preaching messages, or generally anyone talking on a radio, when I had to study. Knowing this, my studies have never been done in a quiet and serene environment again. I always create background disturbances to occasionally attract my brain to an outward disturbance which was always easier to get back from, than an inward roaming of the mind, or a fantasy.

As years have gone by and I have transitioned through different levels of education and different levels of requirements for studies, I have analyzed and added more environmental changes to my study environment that make for longer hours of study, and more entertaining sessions.

Some namely: One source of light, treats for mini victories, blocking holes to outward visual destructions( windows).