Me, Myself and I

**Early life**

I was born in Pyay, a town not very far from the commercial capital, Yangon. If I remember, I stayed there until I was probably around 3-4 years old, and then moved to Yangon with my family. I might have been too young when I moved, but I still vividly remember the good old days there at Pyay. Running along the Strand Road with neighbors every evening, crossing the Nawaday Bridge during the sunset and … are some moments I still cherish. Maybe, I will go back there one day, one day for sure.

I was in Yangon after all, at the age of 4 so that was around 2006. The place I lived at was almost a suburb back then, but now it’s a very lively place. There was one local private school, perhaps 30 footsteps from my house, so that’s where I went to. That was when and where I started learning English along with my mother tongue, Burmese. I attended there for 2 years, and next, I was ready for elementary school.

I went to a state government school. A few years back, I was talking about my education career with my parents, and they told me they had a plan for me to keep continuing at the private school I previously went to, but they were worried I might not be able to fully speak Burmese. Burmese schools are known to be more intense in teaching Burmese than any other schools around the country. So, that was how I ended up at a local state school.

According to the Burmese school system, I started from kindergarten all the way to Grade 4. That was about 5 years in total. I remember on the first day, I did not want to go to school so my mom had to grab her typical Asian mom’s wooden stick to whip me up. I ran like a cheetah that day, but I gave up and ended up at school.

After 5 years at that elementary school, I waved goodbye to it and then, moved to another local government school to pursue my middle school studies. The new school was nothing like the school that I went to before, but it was one of the most famous schools in the country. It always produces at least 1 or 2 students that will be in the top 10 students of the country later in the academic year. I knew going to that school was a lot of pressure, but I did not care at all. My job was to go there, and I did that.

However, I did not last there long. After the first few months, I realized the place was not right for me. The academic pressure of attending that school made me study probably 12-14 hours every day even the weekends, and in long term, I could not resist it anymore. With many other factors that I do not even want to talk about, I decided to open to my parents about my difficulties. After several intense discussions, my parents decided to take me out of that school and sent me to a private international school named MISY (Myanmar International School Yangon). I suffered in hell for one and a half years, but my life changed for good.

It was 2013 I moved to this school halfway through the academic calendar. When I first got to this new school, I was completely Tarzan. Growing up in an environment where everyone speaks Burmese all day all night, it was a nightmare for me to see foreigners and students speaking in English. Although I studied English on the other hand, I was nowhere near ready to interact with them in English. I struggled very much, but the positivity from the surroundings gave me strength. I survived and continued studying there happily until I finished high school in 2020. Then, I moved to Vancouver to study Computer Science at the University of British Columbia and I’m studying there until now.