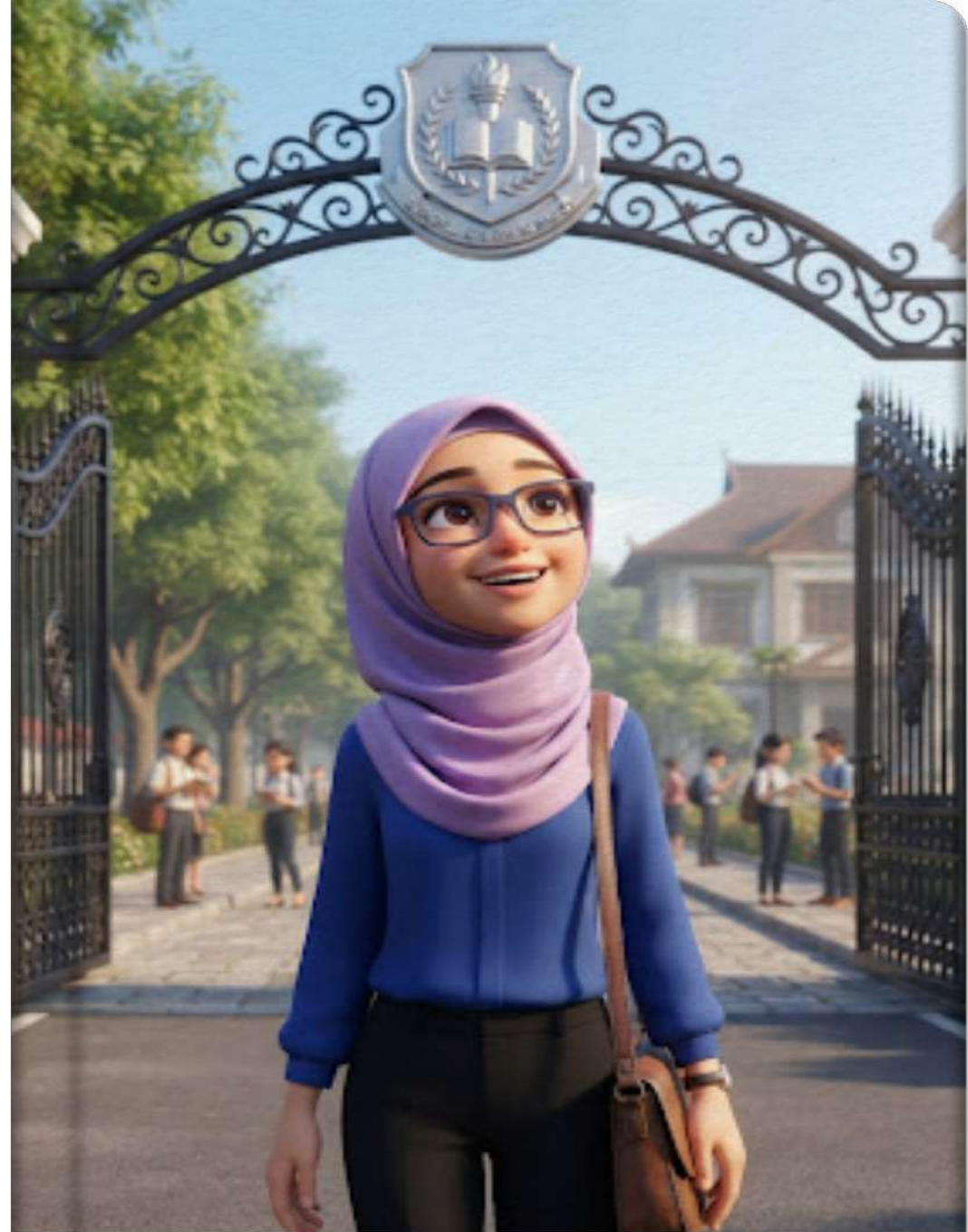




The First Lesson at Jeunieb

Oleh Yuanita



Yuanita stood before the grand gates of SMK Negeri 1 Jeunieb, her heart fluttering like a captive bird. The morning sun cast long shadows across the driveway, and the air smelled of salt and possibility. Today was not just any Monday; it was the first day of her career as a teacher. She adjusted her glasses, took a deep breath, and stepped forward into her new life.



Inside the administrative wing, she was greeted by Mr. Bakri, a senior teacher with a kind face and a stack of folders. "You must be Ms. Yuanita," he said, offering a warm handshake. He handed her a school map and a bunch of keys that jingled musically. "The students here are spirited, but they have hearts of gold. You'll do just fine."



As Yuanita walked toward the vocational wings, the school came alive. She passed workshops where sparks flew from welding torches and gardens where students were tending to rows of green shoots. The energy of the school was infectious, a symphony of hands-on learning that made her feel more confident with every step.



Finally, she reached Class XI. The room was buzzing with the loud, rhythmic chatter of teenagers. As she stepped over the threshold, the noise dipped into a low murmur. Dozens of curious eyes followed her as she walked to the front of the room. She placed her bag on the wooden desk and turned to face her very first class.



In the second row, a student named Teuku was leaning back in his chair, looking rather unimpressed. He was tapping a pencil against a blank notebook, his gaze drifting toward the window. Yuanita noticed his distraction and decided her first task was to bridge the gap between her desk and his.



"We aren't just going to look at diagrams today," Yuanita announced to the room, her voice gaining strength. She reached into a small box she had brought and pulled out a vibrant, healthy seedling in a black polybag. "We are going to learn the science of how to make something thrive in our own soil."



A student named Cut, sitting in the front row, leaned forward with wide eyes. She pulled out a sketchbook filled with intricate drawings of hibiscus and palm trees. "Does the soil pH affect the color of the leaves, Teacher?" she asked. Yuanita's heart swelled; the ice was finally beginning to melt.



Soon, the classroom was a whirlwind of activity. Yuanita moved from desk to desk, showing the students how to test soil samples. Even Teuku was now leaning over a tray of earth, his brow furrowed in concentration. He looked up at Yuanita as she approached, showing her the results of his first test with a small, shy smile of pride.



As Yuanita walked back out through the school gates, the sunset painted the sky in shades of purple and gold. She looked back at the sign for SMK Negeri 1 Jeunieb one last time. She was no longer just a visitor or a nervous newcomer; she was a teacher, and she was exactly where she was meant to be.