

Smash All Pots and Pans To Go to School #Chapter 7 - Read Smash All Pots and Pans To Go to School Chapter 7

Chapter 7

The bus at 5 a.m. takes only ten minutes from the dump to 3212 Institute , which was very fast.

When Wei San arrived, it was still dark and there were no people at the school gate. It wasnt until 5:30, that there were more and more people.

It wasnt until six oclock that the teacher came out on time.

Everyone, line up in ten lines and follow me in.

The line was very long. Wei San estimated that there were five or six thousand students present.

After a commotion, the teams finally lined up. The teacher looked at the students and turned around: Keep up.

The teacher brought them to the school playground before he stopped. There were nine other teachers waiting on the podium of the playground.

Ten teachers stood in a row and discussed in a low voice for a while. In the middle, a teacher stood up and spoke to the students: Welcome to 3212 Institute . From today on, you will usher in a painful road of promotion.

Wei San looked up at the ten teachers on the podium and was a little distracted: the teachers in this world seemed to be too energetic, with long legs and a straight waist. Placed in her world, they were like soldiers.

I dont know how many of you will still be alive after the end of the term, so please cherish every training, which may save your life. The teachers stern eyes moved from left to right. Out of humanitarianism, the school will pay star coins at the end of each semester according to the severity of your injury. If you die unfortunately, 20000 coins will be paid to your parents as pension.

Wei San: ? ? ?

Why does it sound so wrong to her?

The preparatory mecha engineer division was to learn how to understand the materials and lay the foundation for the design and repair of mecha in the future. How could it

involve life and death? According to the teacher, the 5000 to 20000 star coins she saw yesterday were not scholarships.

Wei San suddenly had a bad feeling.

The teachers speech was very short. Soon, each teacher led a team to leave and took the students to receive their school uniforms.

Wei San followed the team and received her uniform. While changing into her school uniform, she opened the optical brain to check the information of 3212 Institute . After reading all the information at a glance:

3212 only has this preparatory school, specializing in training for the preparatory mecha engineering division and preparatory mecha fighters. Class B was for the preparatory mecha fighters, and Class A was for the preparatory mecha engineering division.

she signed up for the wrong class.

The casualty rate and abandonment rate of reserve mecha fighters has always been high. There were 5000 or 6000 students enrolled. After a semester, they can be reduced to 3000. In addition to the number of casualties, a considerable number of students couldnt endure the past semesters, so they drop out and transfer to ordinary schools. Hence, the tuition fees will be lower, and the star coins would be issued if they were seriously injured at the end of the semester.

Wei San stared at the light brain for a long time. Its impossible to change her major now. She cant make up all the money. If she drops out, and reports again next year, the school still wont refund the tuition she paid yesterday.

Its better to muddle through a semester. Wait until she finds a way to earn money before thinking about changing her major. A thousand star coins cant be wasted.

The teacher inspected and saw Wei San who had not changed her school uniform. He frowned: What have you been doing for so long? Change into it quickly.

Wei San immediately turned off her light brain and went to the dressing room to change into her school uniform.

After all the members of their team changed into school uniforms, the teacher raised his eyes and said, Everyone run around the school twenty laps.

The 3212 school area was not small, they were still children. Running a lap would cause people to be stupid already, not to mention 20 laps.

On the third lap, Wei Sans dizziness problem came out again. She was hungry.

Everyone raise your spirits up for me. Our Class B doesn't have points like Class A, doing an exam results in points. The only standard is that you are still alive after the final test. The teacher followed along slowly, Live, understood? Every extra lap now will make you more likely to survive in the future.

After six laps, the team was obviously different. There were dozens of students in front who didn't slow down. The hundreds of people in the back had already begun to walk.

Wei San was panting in the middle while running and occasionally looked forward. The physical quality of those students was a little too strong.

On the tenth lap, the teacher stood at the front, holding a box that came from an unknown source: Here is the nutrient solution, about 50 bottles, first come, first served.

After hearing this, Wei San's spirit boosted and her steps accelerated. Many students caught in the middle, like her, suddenly raised their speed.