

## **Tatyana Kasima: How did I get my first job?**

This essay is like a jigsaw puzzle where the pieces are collected from my every day life. The aim of this essay is to tell my story. Writing it I felt like it can be helpful for someone as a token of my experience. The highest honour for my humble writing can be advice and support for those who need and seek for some.

Alongside with this aim this thinking on paper helped me to understand my current life and vivid events in it. Not to mention that for me this essay is like highlights of the year.

The reason for choosing this particular theme is that I just want to tell about my experience, for other people to judge it and to draw their own conclusions. It is such a pleasure when someone follows your footsteps and succeeds.

If to regard this essay as an advice that it should be said that if you want to achieve something new it motivates you a lot which means that no one can motivate you better than yourself. Every person can keep his/herself motivated by rewarding themselves for some achievements.

If to regard this essay as a story than it is a heart-to-heart talk with the best friend or a mother in the kitchen.

If to regard this essay as a fairy - tale than it is a fairy -tale for those who dare to dream and who are not afraid of their wishes.

If to regard this story as a diary then it is another day, month, and the whole year that passed and left a note in my life and in lives of other people.

Whatever you make out of it I hope that you will still find something valuable.

I hope that by this short abstract I could spark your interest and I appreciate you for your consideration.

*Working people who have it want less of it while people who don't have enough want more of it.*

‘Your first day at work will not be as bad as your first day at school. In fact, it will be worse. You will be the only person wearing a brand new suit with the price tag still hanging from the back. Nobody will tell you how to use the office computers systems. You will use the wrong paper in photocopier. You will be taken around the office and introduced to at least 500 people. You will instantly forget the names of all 500 people but, without exception, they will remember yours.

On your first day, you will not have any friends but you will not have any enemies either. Just remember that the first lesson you have to learn is to work hard and to be the part of the team. Show concern for everyone from the managing director to the tea lady and you will be all right.

It's a strange thing, but if you wear a suit and carry a business card people will take you seriously. Your company's clients will want to shake your hand and take you to expensive restaurants. Be nice to people who treat you as an adult by smiling sweetly and acting responsibly. Then return home and be a teenager again.’

I have read this article in the bus just on my way to the place which I wanted to call ‘work’ or even further ‘my work, the place where I work’ ‘Sounds great!’ I thought...feeling confident enough and being in the best of spirit.

I was full of hope, hope, hope... and desire to achieve something because for me personally a job is not just earning money it is self-improvement, development, step further - quite a long step in fact. For some people it seems too long, far too long. Just on the other page of the magazine where I have read the article I have mentioned a joke. It said “Be unemployed. 5 million people can't be wrong.” Why all of the information is connected with jobs, I wonder? May be because it is the end of

summer, all people are making plans for the coming year, the streets are full of sun burnt men and women who are hurrying and the streets are bustling again. Really the streets were filled with people. I spotted different groups of people who were busy with their own matters. I lost myself in a crowd and felt happy for a while being the part of this hectic city again after the holidays. “No need to lie it is a wonderful life”

That how it was one year ago. Today I work at the British Council in Donetsk, English club “Unique” and a big steel company ‘Leman Ukraine’. But first things first. The story in fact is quite long. It is usually like this, the story is long and the outcome is easy enough to understand. Although we can not argue that the processes is far more exciting that the result and as a rule we remember the process and that is how the stories appear – people just tell how the have achieved something and here you are a new story, another person, different life. For me personally my own experience began with a story as well.

It has been my dream to work at the British Council. During the whole year I participated in all projects there and by the end of the year I discovered that there is an opportunity to work there. What you have to do it to show up for the annual session for trainers in August and to take an active part to be selected. The main point I would like to mention here is that British Council is the place for creative ideas and it is quite obvious that ideas do not appear just out of the blue so I must put creative people on the first place of course. Frankly, I can talk about creative and friendly atmosphere of the British Council for ages but that is not the right time yet. British Council was the place where I met Irina. Here my story will become more dynamic (definitely it will) and you will see why and mainly what I mean by ‘dynamic’.

Irina has her own English club for people of all ages who want to study English, who seek for friendly atmosphere to study in and who need a helping hand to make there way through the amazing world of English language. It was a great surprise to me, (truly it was) that she invited me to be a guide through this amazing land in other words to work in her club and to teach English. It came as a surprise to me if to take into account that I am currently studying International Relations at the historical department. Anyway, I accepted because it was a new interesting challenge, something I have never practiced before and that was quite clear that I got interested.

Returning to the British Council though. I haven’t mentioned yet that we were telling stories and the whole session was devoted to the special methods of using stories during the lesson, why people are interested in listening to other people’s stories and how to make a story sound attractive. Probably the people or the atmosphere or both made me feel very inspired and it was extremely easy to express my point of view, tell stories, improvise and just communicate in a very pleasant and easy way. At some point you realize what to say, how to react but then you just set your emotions free and achieve what you want. Sounds easy but how does it work on practice? People are writing and reading a lot of books about applying for a job, going to the interview, writing an essay and what not. The only thing all people understand is that the only way to know how to work is to work but still keep on reading and writing all the essential recommendations. In any case when you are looking for a job all ideas, ways and any help can come in handy and are more than welcome. Nothing is useless, everything is useful. And the shadows are as important as light because whatever people say mistakes help and every mistake shows that you are on to something.

That reminded me of a story about a cracked pot. A water bearer in India had two large pots, one hung on each end of a pole which he carried across his neck. One of the pots had a crack in it, and while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water at the end of the long walk from the stream to the master’s house. The cracked pot arriver only half full. For a full two years this went on daily, with the bearer delivering only one and a half pots full of water in his master’s house. Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments, perfect to the end for which it was made. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it was able to accomplish only half of what is had been made to. After two years of what it

perceived to be a bitter failure, it spoke to the water bearer one day by the stream. 'I am ashamed of myself, and I want to apologize to you.'

'Why' asked the bearer. 'What are you ashamed of?'

'I have been able, for these past two years, to deliver only half my load because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your master's house. Because of my flaws, you have to do all of this work, and you don't get full value from your efforts.'

The water bearer felt sorry for the old cracked pot, and in his compassion he said. 'As we return to the master's house, I want you to notice the beautiful flowers along the path.'

Indeed, as they went up to the hill, the old cracked pot took notice of the sun warming the beautiful wild flowers on the side of the path, and this cheered it some.

But at the end of the trail, it still felt bad because it had leaked out half its load, and so again he apologized to the bearer for its failure. The bearer said to the pot. 'Do you notice that there were flowers only on your side of your path, but not on the other pot's side? That's because I have always known your flow, and took advantage of it. I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back from the stream, you have watered them. There is a lot of good in us. Each of us has our own unique flaws. We are all cracked pots.'

I have been working in the British Council preparing different seminars and assisting international exams and had a group in the English club 'Unique' at first when Irina offered me another job. That was quite a challenge again because I agreed (quite quickly I would say) to work for the Siemens company and then for Lemman-Ukraine steel company as a teacher for the personnel of these companies. On one hand I understand that every new step in the world brings with it not only opportunity but also risks. On the other hand I always remember that the biggest risk in life is not taking one. Being a risky person I tried and everything was really successful but what I have learned is that you have to put an effort in everything you do.

The more I worked the more I understood how valuable experience is and day by day it became easier not only to work but to study. I must admit that work is a great school of time management and you obtain a lot of skills. The main value of these skills is that you can apply them in all spheres – at the university, you every day life simply. That is probably a key to success - personal key to success which is very unique for everyone. May be I found my own 'Unique' success?

Some people said 'hard-working', some people said 'workaholic', some said nothing. I was happy. I am happy because I am able to find a place to express, to share my knowledge and skills.

It is worth pointing out as well that you should not forget about hardships along the way. Work is difficult (any work is) you need iron self-control and a lot of patience but it also can be leisure and may be it sounds crazy but it is so. A short explanation should be given here. Love your work! I love my work and it feels so great to communicate with interesting knowledgeable people and to get valuable experience at the same time plus to feel you are able to bring more knowledge to people's lives and to master your skills as well. That is quite important for I am a second year old student myself and teaching students of my own age or adults one can feel more confident at some point and even more worried from time to time. I should mention that you can not really get rid of butterflies in your stomach and it happens to all people young and old, experienced and beginners.

The only thing that is clear is that you can't go backwards - you can't stand still.

You must go forward. Forwards! Forwards! That is the law of life!

Another story came to my mind.

There once was a monastery that was very strict. Following a vow of silence, no one was allowed to speak at all. But there was one exception to this rule. Every ten years, the monks were permitted to speak just two words. After spending his first ten years at the monastery, one monk went to the head

monk. 'It has been ten years,' said the head monk. 'What are the two words you would like to speak?'

'Bed.... hard....' said the monk.

'I see' replied the head monk.

Ten years later, the monk returned to the head monk's office. 'It has been ten more years', said the head monk. 'What are the two words you would like to speak?'

'Food ....stinks...' said the monk.

'I see' replied the head monk.

Yet another ten years passed and the monk once again met the head monk who asked, 'What are your two words now, after these ten years?'

'I ....quit!' said the monk.

'Well, I can see why, 'replied the head monk. 'All you ever do is complaining,'

What to do next? We all like to fantasize about our future. What will the world be like in several years? Where will we be? These are the questions people ask all the time. I always keep in mind the fact that there are so many unpredictable things that happen but moreover every person is preparing his or her own field for the crops. The longer you prepare the field the better? Which means you have to graduate from the university and then find your way in life. May be it is better to plant your seeds now, at the very moment when the sun is shining, you are young, full of energy, when you think that impossible is nothing and you consider yourself to be multitalented, trying to be broad-minded and flexible, accepting and caring. May be it is necessary to act now, to be brave enough to meet a new challenge being a creative problem solver, not to be afraid to help and to ask for help, to be pro-active and to find your way in life being a leader for yourself.

I never thought about it before. I always keep in mind the question 'How far would I go for my dream?' To be honest I haven't found the answer yet.

It is just now as the year has passed (quite quickly) I admit how important it is to analyse all events that happened, feeling so happy that everything is all right and you are open for new horizons.