

# Facing a personal challenge



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Descriptive Essay- A Personal Challenge Facing a Personal Challenge It was late summer and although the hint of fall weather was lurking in the background, I nevertheless felt that Helios was smiling upon me, affirming my belief that I was doing the right thing. I needed that reassurance because the journey I was about to embark upon represented the greatest challenge I had ever faced. I finished my coffee. The time was approaching; signaled not only by the dwindling sunlight, but also the slight feeling of nausea which was developing inside. I paid the bill and made the short walk to the car, in which my Worldly goods were packed to bursting point. The engine fired up and I waved goodbye to my home, my neighbors and the country which had seen me grow from screaming child to intrepid adult. At that point, the clouds erupted, the thunder roared and Zeus spewed a cascade of rain for the rest of the evening.

When I arrived in France, I had just a few dollars to my name and only the most basic grasp of the language. Unless I got some work fairly soon, life was going to turn disastrous pretty quickly. The trouble was I was living in a very rural part of France, renowned for unemployment. Any jobs around were likely to go to the natives, not a foreigner with barely adequate communication skills. But, Necessity, being the mother of all invention, soon spurred me into action.

I found the local Maire in the town which was going to be my home for the time being. Between his broken English and my fractured French, I somehow managed to communicate my situation. I was a teacher and willing to do whatever it took to integrate into the local community and earn our living. At first he was hesitant, perhaps a little suspicious of me, but that was to be expected. He put me in touch with the head teacher of the local school, who

happened to be looking for an English teacher.

The Maire may have had his doubts, but this head teacher just didn't trust me at all. If she spoke any English, she wasn't going to show me. For a full hour I pointed, gesticulated and put together the most inarticulate sentences imaginable. I came away feeling humiliated and worthless. What on Earth made me think I could live in another country without speaking the language? She must think I'm so stupid. I was all ready to quit.

I was about to pack up and return home when I received a letter from the Head saying that she was impressed by my efforts. She had met with English-speakers before who hadn't lasted more than five minutes before leaving her office. She was aware that it would be a struggle at first, but was sure I would learn quickly because she could see I was determined. I had a job starting tomorrow if I wanted it.

That was six months ago. Now I have a full time job, a wonderful social life and a class of children whom I adore. Though I was uncertain at the beginning, I have no doubt now that I made the right choice. I needed to take a leap, to live a little rather than simply exist. I know now that to overcome a challenge is what confirms my place in this world.