

# Gender discrimination analysis



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

When i was first found out that i got this placement, i was quite chuffed.

I imagined to be working in a fancy office, with many computers and highly educated people. Whenever people would ask me where i was working, i would proudly say ‘ Royal London Hospital’. I remember walking into the department on the first day and my heart just sank with dissapointment. I was in a big, dusty and conjested room. The computers were ancient. Most of the people were ancient.

Everyone else wore casual clothing whilst i was wearing a shirt and a pair of smart trousers. I stood out like a sore thumb. As the day gradually went on i realised this job wasn’t as easy and laid back as i thought and i quite liked that. In the first couple of days the staff members tried creating the atmosphere that they were a big ‘ happy family’, and i fell for it. Soon i realised that this was not the case. They all gossiped about eachother?! It was worse than us, Plashet School girls, to be honest.

Yet they always wore a constant mask to cover up what they trully felt. My day usually started by collecting all the files that ended in “ 7”. Then i would sort them in to two piles. The skinnies and fats. Then i would track them on the NHS software.

I would sort each pile in a certain numerical order. Then i would file them in a particular area depending on the full number. Then this process would be repeated a number times within a day. The part of working i enjoyed was the way me and my colleague Pam worked.

We put on the radio quite loud and were singing and dancing along to it whilst working. I enjoyed travelling to work alot! I use to sit on the train and act as if i was someone important, i even pretended to read the newspaper. The worst bit was being taken to another sector of the health and records where a large, greedy and careless lady was in charge off us. She just made us sit and told us to relax. At first i thought great, just what i needed, a break; but after a while i start getting bored. I felt as if i could feel my hair growing.

I asked her a number of time whether i could help but she kept sighing and sighing. I felt that i was just a burden. I learnt basic skills like filing, sorting, tracking, prepping, using the NHS software. I think i've also learnt to just mind my own buisness and keep opinions to myself at times. I've learnt how to adapt to different surroundings and people in a short space of time.

People kept on asking me, what i wanted to do when i leave school but to be honest i have no idea. I want to go into many things and would like to work as different things. Like i would love to go into journalism or marketing but i wouldn't mind going into medicine. I probably let fate make that decision.