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The chubbier version of me

Red lips, black court shoes, and sleek white blouse. I wore these things with confidence, imagining myself as a successful young professional, only to be humiliated. “Hey, Nicha! You look like a high school girl who is going on a school trip” said my colleague...

Well, again, I failed to transform myself into who I want to be. However, I don't give up. I set my study abroad goals with determination. Unfortunately, despite moving into London and becoming a marketing student at Cass Business School, trying to achieve my goals here is like trying to stay slim without a scale. You will never know how much weight you have gained until, one day, you see your reflection in a mirror and realize that you can't be who you want to be anymore... Spend wisely. I told myself. Then, a thrifty spender turned into a shameless spendthrift. Please let me lay the blame on the country's cashless society. Unlike in Thailand where feeling the weight of cash is still crucial, I can get set with only one contactless card in the UK. With just one tap, you can chuck all your money as quick as a flash. In addition, I also want to put the blame on the marketing society in Cass Business School as it has bombarded me with a lot of interesting advertisements and marketing campaigns. Honestly, I was attracted by them and so, inescapably, I fully get the most out of this cashless lifestyle by spending a lot. What a shame. I am now a marketing student who is at the mercy of marketing. Wait! I have a good excuse. I just want to be a good marketer by being a customer in order to understand the entire experience of the customer journey. Trust me!

Nail every work. Sadly, I become a failure girl. Sounds bad, isn't it? Sorry that I can't hide the fact that I've failed a lot, ranging from getting no email response from potential customers when I try to contact them for some interviews, embarrassing myself when I communicate wrongly with my colleagues to being rejected when I try to sell my idea to my groupmates. Well, while many people think that Cass will provide them opportunities for success, I think that Cass, in fact, gives us opportunities to fail fast and learn fast by overwhelming us with works and activities. Thus, I can now handle failure like a pro. I should be proud of myself, shouldn't I?

Work hard. Well, it's impossible to always work hard here. To survive in the UK, you should be relaxed whenever you have a chance, or else your university life will be full of suffering. Thanks to its education system that there are exams after the so-called holiday, many of us have to celebrate Christmas and New year with tons of textbooks and lectures. Thus, sometimes, I try to be laid-back and take a rest even though I am worried about a bunch of works on my desk. Thankfully, my European friend who seems to be more accustomed to this kind of education system had indirectly taught me how to deal with this dilemma. I once used to try to discuss work with her when we were about to enjoy eating lunch. The result? She replied me with a serious face “Don't ruin my appetite!”. Since that time, I don't dare to bother her when she is eating anymore. Moreover, I have started to stop working while eating.

Be mature. It turned out that I don't know how to measure my maturity in the place that has no seniority like this one. There was one time when I attended a free concert by City, University of London, some of my professors from the marketing department showed up to the concert as well. At the end of the performance, I grabbed a glass of white wine and accidentally (on purpose) joined their group. Surprisingly, I couldn't feel any age barrier. Everyone talked to each other like we were the same age. I still remembered that they were talking about whether they should adapt how the pianist moved his body in a quirky and attractive way during piano playing for their lectures to make students interested (Luckily, they didn't). During that time, one thought popped into my head. Do I look mature? However, I know that I will never get an answer. Therefore, the only thing I can do is to be myself. Simple as that.

After reading my story, you may think that I'm such a loser. So sorry that I don't have any success story to brag about. And again, I have failed to transform myself to be who I wished to be. So, I decided to accept who I am and embrace my loser status. And yes, I do gain weight. But you know what? I like the chubbier version of me.