

# The perfect job



With bucket-loads of experience, skills and enthusiasm, the job was in the bag for **Vicky Gray**. Or so she thought...

**F**or the last few years in Essex, I had built up a thriving chiropody business that kept my work/life balance pretty much perfect.

I knew that I couldn't carry on with this career in Australia – 'chiroprapist' wasn't even a job title over there... But who was I to worry about that minor detail – it was a new country, new career I thought!

I've always been an enthusiastic person. I welcome new environments, enjoy meeting people and I'm more than willing to give anything a go (words taken straight from my resumé, by the way!).

details, did some research on the company so I could doubly impress them with my knowledge and made sure that I arrived at the interview in a timely fashion.

I walked confidently into the reception area, taking in the surroundings and imagining myself behind the desk wearing the uniform and warmly greeting patients.

As I waited to introduce myself, I couldn't help but notice how impeccably dressed the patients were who sat in the waiting room and how busy it was.

"Busy clinic," I commented to another lady who stood next to me.

speech on the company. I knew that she would be asking for questions, so I listened intently so as to dive in first and make an impression.

Why I couldn't stop the barrage of questions flowing from my mouth, I just don't know. They just kept coming... And coming. Even though her body language was clearly holding up 'shut up' banners at me.

Then I found I was laughing louder and more enthusiastically than anyone else in the room.

The interview was soon over and everyone left, but I felt I had to redeem myself. So I waited until everyone had gone and I went back to introduce myself, give myself a second bite at the cherry to show her my outstanding personality.

She looked at me in grave fear as I approached and when I eventually stopped talking and left, I heard the door slam and double bolt. I think if she had security guards, they would have been called.

I got an email the same day thanking me for my attendance, but that I had not been successful.

I learnt many things from that experience – to read the e-mails correctly, to purchase a power suit for future interviews, to be professional and to not act myself... Unless maybe if I was applying for a job as a clown's assistant.

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The working world was my oyster, and I was about to impress the socks off any new employer with my skills and personality.

So it came as no surprise to me when I applied for a job as receptionist at a medical centre, to get an email to attend an interview.

This was going to be a perfect job for me – not only did I have medical reception experience, I had top notch administration skills... And when you add on my enthusiastic personality, I knew I had this job in the bag. I skimmed the email about the finer

"Yes," she replied, "but I think most people are here for the group interview."

Tumbleweeds blew around in my head for a few moments.

Group interview? Damn my slack look at the email I received.

The place was filled with 20-somethings with power suits and GHD'd hair. Well, at least I stood out with my curly ginger mop and lime green shirt.

We were met by a smart woman, who introduced herself as the owner and she started her well-rehearsed

● **Vicky Gray** is author of *Didgeridoos and Didgeridon'ts: A Brit's Guide to Moving Your Life Down Under* (£14.97, Amazon), now in its second edition.