

A gap year was not something I ever really wanted. To me, getting straight into the big world of adulthood was the only option. As most things do in life, this changed. Fast.

I applied to Project Trust; an organisation that send out hundreds of 18/19 year old's every year to each corner of the globe. Soon after applying it dawned on me that fundraising was going to be tough. Really tough.

There is no way to express how much I now hate cake sales, I literally never want to see a raffle ticket every again and please don't even get me started on fun runs. Money was coming in slowly - family and friends were helping as much as they could. But there is a limit on how many times you can ask your gran to guess how many smarties are in a jar. I was a student at St. Johns and this is how I found myself in a meeting room with the Trust - stuttering my way through how and why I wanted this gap year.

Confidence is something I am never short of normally, but it seemed; trying to convince people why I wanted to go to Asia for a year had me stumped. This was not due to any of my interviewers being hostile, they certainly weren't Alan Sugar scary.

It was because for once in my life I really wanted something. And I knew if I didn't get it I would kick myself forever.

I sighed the biggest sigh of relief and glee when I found out that I had in fact got my point across, I was going to Asia.

Now, I really wish I could say that the interview was the hardest part of my year. I really really wish I could say that.

40 degree heat, cockroaches in my kitchen & teaching 8 lessons a week - this was were I was challenged truly.

Don't get me wrong, I loved every single second of it. Planning how I was going to teach feminism to 30 kids, all wide eyed and English not being their first language. Or how one morning I awoke to find a whole family of cockroaches having the time of their lives in our living room. Or it could be how, when travelling to Vietnam on a rare school holiday I discovered that you can be seasick ON LAND. (15 hours on a boat made out of what I can only describe as cork-board just didn't sit right with me)

Actually the low moments let me have time to myself, to realise that people just do not get this opportunity.

In fact without the help from Kempson Rosedale I may not have had this opportunity. Straight after the low moments (and usually after a good meal) I got back into loving everything. Whether it be when I housed at kitten in my sleeping bag liner for a week until it was strong enough to go back out into the playground, or when my class of 13 year olds (whom some had never spoken a word of English before we became their teachers) sang me "She sells sea-shells" perfectly. In fact looking back, I even grew fond of the cockroaches.

It's hard to explain every emotion and thing that I went through and did. All I can really say is thank you to Kempson Rosedale for being part of my adventure. For allowing me to learn about a culture in a way I never will experience ever again. And allowing me to have a year of learning about me. Before my gap year I was in complete limbo of what to do with adulthood. Now I am finishing off my UCAS and looking forward to lectures and communal halls ... I mean students can't be as bad as the roaches, right?