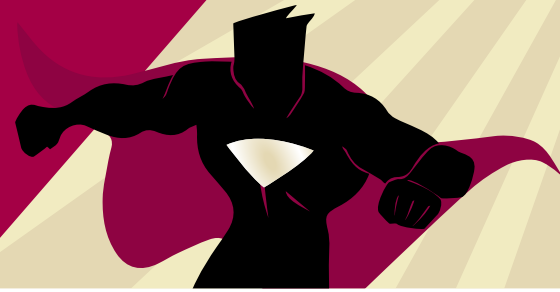


# DESCRIPTIVE ESSAY

## (MY FIRST PUBLIC SPEECH)



I had never imagined myself addressing many people from all walks of life. The school meeting was fast approaching, and I realized that I had been shortlisted as one of the students to address guests at the meeting. My teacher approached me and surprised me with the information that I would be talking on behalf of other students, and my speech had to be perfect to appeal to our guests. I was nervous from the time I received this information. The only question that lingered on my mind was, should I feign sickness, or should I just say I will not manage? I had no option, and decided to prepare my speech immediately, as the meeting was coming in the next two days.

I spent my whole day writing a speech that would appeal to everyone at the meeting. Friends were there for me, and they boosted it with some brilliant ideas. I reached out to my teacher for consultations to confirm if I had done the right thing. She read the speech keenly, as I anticipated her response with massive anxiety. Would she approve it, what if she does not approve of it? These were the questions that ran in my mind, as I awaited her response. In a short while, she pointed out to me that I had to make more improvements, as it was not that appealing. I took the corrections and made the suggested changes.

On the eve of the meeting, I could not sleep. I kept rehearsing using my siblings as the audience. I never had perfect starts to the speech in the rehearsal, and this gave me jitters about the next day that was approaching fast. I barely slept that night, as I looked forward to the material day, which would be a unique day in my life. I vividly remember the fear and anticipation that I had minutes before the presentation.

The meeting started, and I was sitting in front awaiting my chance to speak on

behalf of students. I kept wondering how the whole presentation would turn out, as I was keen not to lose my dignity in front of my fellow students and parents. Therefore, I gathered any shred of courage to ensure I did my best when the chance came. After one hour, I had my name being called. My turn to speak to the large crowd of people had approached faster than I expected. This was the first time I was going to talk to such a multitude, as I did not have much social exposure when I was a child.

My heart was racing, and I was visibly nervous as I walked to the podium to give my speech. I took the hard copy with me to ensure I remained confident throughout the presentation. As I tried to open up my speech with greetings, I stammered and felt like my voice was disappearing. I remember slightly blocking the word, good afternoon. I moved on to introduce myself and started reading the speech directly from the hardcopy. I did not dare look straight into the many eyes that intimidated while I stood podium. However, luck was not on my side, as I found myself reading the second paragraph of the speech instead of starting from the beginning. I trembled when I realized this mistake. The only question that ran in my mind at that time was, should I start again? No, I would embarrass myself if I were to start again. Therefore, I proceeded with the speech, and understood that I would be reproached by teacher at the end of it all. I stammered throughout as I read the whole speech. I must admit it was a daunting task on my part, and it did not come to an end as quickly as I had expected. As I continued, I did not care whether I would make another mistake or not because I had already messed up from the beginning. It was difficult to make up for the mistake.

I completed my presentation after 30 minutes and rushed back to my chair. There were random claps in the room, as I had not done my best in the presentation of this speech. I thought about escaping by leaving the hall earlier, but I could not dare because of the negative signal it would send to everyone. Again, I could not afford to lose my dignity in this crucial function.

When the meeting ended, I was surprised that my teacher ran to me and

gave me a warm hug. She informed me that she understood my situation, as it was the first day for me to talk in front of any large crowd. She told me I still had more room to improve in my future presentation.

This was a consolation to me, and I went out my head high. Without such encouragement, I would have been forced to cover my face to avoid the shame for misrepresenting my fellow students. I had perceived the entire experience a nightmare, but I was motivated when my teacher seemed to support me. This experience taught me that unnecessary anxiety and worries could deny anyone the chance to give a perfect presentation. I have learnt to be more confident in the future for successful presentations. With such experience, I would be more perfect in the future when facing such a crowd.