

# Akwasi

“Three outfits for today“- Utah, November 2009

It is Monday morning at around six 'o clock. I hear vague, snoozing sounds. Suddenly I realise, my alarm clock is going off. I stand up and this time I choose three outfits for the day instead of two. One outfit to wear to school, one outfit for the training which takes place later in the day, and finally, another outfit to wear to my new internship location. Since one month I have been doing an internship at a company called “Neways” in Springville, Utah. Neways is a company that produces and sells natural products such as cosmetics, supplements, domestic products and nutrition. Neways is also a MLM-company; i.e. Multi Level Marketing. With an MLM-program it is possible to start your own company. My function is being in charge of sales and marketing activities for the European, Israeli and African markets. Who would ever have thought that I, with my African background, would someday work for the European, Israeli and African markets?

I take a high-speed breakfast and put on my first outfit. Simple, nice, and relaxed clothing which consist of some coloured skater shoes, a dark blue denim, and a purple Popeye T-shirt. On top of that a coat, because it is quickly turning into winter here in Utah. During my mathematics lecture I must pay extra attention, because my previous exam did not go all to well. At 9:50am I sprint from the campus, as quick as I can to my car. At that moment it is time for the second outfit. Nice and casual, the way it is done in Europe; some dark blue denim trousers with a neat belt, a buttoned shirt, and a beautiful blazer to finish it off. My coloured skater shoes I magically transform into Calvin Klein shoes, and I am ready for my internship! After sitting in the traffic-jams, I briefly speed up to 90 mph (miles by hour) instead of the allowed speed limit of 65 mph. I am on time for my internship as I enter the head office of Neways. At my internship there is enough to do; my Outlook program shows 50 unread e-mails that I have to work through. Half of these e-mails contains messages that are sent with the purpose of keeping me up to date with the markets I now work with. The other half comprises of errands and responsibilities for the week. The manager of my department gives me a lot complex activities to do from which I learn a lot.

It is 1:30pm and I must hurry because my athletics training starts at 2pm. This time I try not to drive as speedy on the highway as I did this morning, because the “Dick boys” (police officers) are in the vicinity and as a university student I cannot permit myself getting a speeding fine. At 1:55pm I stand, all set, at the athletics track having just put on my third outfit for the day. This is also the outfit in which I will return home in a fully sweated state. The training starts with 15 minutes light running, followed by some drills after that. The sprinters get together and my sprint coach, Paul Smith, has a surprise for us. He wants us to run nine times 150 meters with a 90 second rest in between. The first five goes well, and eventually we get a four minute recovery break. At the one side I see some athletes sipping vigorously at their water bottles, and on the other side I see a few of them vomiting. For the last four I must really bite hard on my tongue in order to be able to finish it. It was a good thing that I took the lift earlier in the day at Neways to get to the fourth level instead of using the staircase. Looking back, I realise that I have already had a very productive day. But,

it is not over, because my homework is still waiting for me. Also, I have promised my girlfriend that I will learn how to cook, so that is something that must also still happen tonight.

Life has a lot to offer. Regardless of that, it still remains pretty unpredictable, but with my multi-purpose outfits during the day I try to insure a good future for myself. With my African background, surprisingly being utilized on the European, Israeli and African markets, I continue my experiences and adventures in America as the little boy from the Bijlmer, The Netherlands.



Akwasi at Neways. foto: John Wang, Neways

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