

Read **Text C**, and then answer **Questions 2(a)–2(d)** and **Question 3** on the question paper.

Text C: A dream job

Sophia has been through five years of medical training and is thinking about giving up her future job as a doctor. She decides to write a diary to reflect on her thoughts and feelings.

I have made a wrong decision. Being a successful doctor had been my dream until I realised how the reality was far from being smart like a superhero in hospital series.

I was hypnotised into thinking that learning medicine would pave a smooth path for success. Well, it was totally opposite. Actually, it was like a road full of sharp thorns that you bled when you moved on it. It didn't kill you, but you would be traumatised along the way. I just couldn't bear it; I don't know why I have to...

The training was torturing. I never had any problem with planning nor procrastination, but this life of former doctors just did not allow me to perfect my reports nor exam preparation. I felt devastated every time the results were revealed, in which this cycle repeated for six years.

I have to admit that I started to feel desperate and want to throw everything away since I was in the second year. Yet, my family didn't agree. My parents dreamed to see me being a successful doctor since I started to get straight A in my school report. They pleaded for my patient and perseverance, saying that the hard work would be paid off when I become a doctor. I didn't want to hurt their feelings and made a decision to come to terms with such a robotic life, with the hope that it could propel me towards my parents' goal.

I had to remember all aspects related to human body. Revising was more than time-consuming. Reading at night was also not enough--I was deprived of sleep. In the early morning, I had to attend classes like pathology, in which reading materials alone might not help. A professor told us to prioritise our personal time, finding free periods to relax, like playing sport and watching movies. However, doing that could easily make me feel ashamed of not being productive.

Things were getting worst when I started my fourth year, as the theory we learned would be turned into practice. It was like living in a trench and facing war each day. I felt like I was a vulnerable soldier trailing behind seniors, trying to remember every information and warning. It was a true nightmare! I needed to get myself ready for any sudden yell and blame from the interns and professors! Sometimes this even occurred in front of patients and nurses, which made me feel unexplainably embarrassed.

We didn't have time to appreciate our meals. We rarely find a chance to exercise.

We were given 'night shifts' as a new responsibility. It was a blow to discover that it was meant to prepare us for the real job in the future! I once had to wake up at 3 a.m. to witness a bloody emergency ward full of injured teenagers from a brawl. My parents knew I hate blood, but they thought it could be blurred through training time in medical school. They were wrong. I got sick every time--it's still tormenting.

I just don't want to live this kind of life anymore.

