

The job interview

Maxwell had not held a steady job in almost two years. Today was a big day, because he was going to a job interview that he felt good about. The secretary he had talked to on the phone sounded friendly and encouraging.

Maxwell was a typist. His fingers danced on the keyboard. However, his people skills were not nearly as good as his typing skills. Sometimes his mouth got in the way of his employment. At his last steady job, his boss had told him to start making coffee every morning. Maxwell laughed. "I'm not making coffee," he said. "It's not part of my job description."

"Read the employee manual again," his boss said. "Your job description is anything I say it is."

"That's a woman's job," said Maxwell. "Do it yourself."

His boss was still yelling as Maxwell walked out of the building. He felt great about telling off the boss. A few days later, the reality of not having a job hit home. He had to pay the rent and utility bills, and he had to eat. What was he going to do?

He thought about apologizing and asking for his job back. But how would that look? Then again, who cares how it looks when you're almost broke? After thinking about it for another week, he finally called his boss and apologized. His boss accepted his apology, but said that he had already hired a replacement.

Maxwell contacted a temporary job agency, which provided him enough occasional work to pay his bills. But none of the companies that he was sent to were hiring. So Maxwell was excited about finally getting an interview for a steady job.

Maxwell's drive to the interview was disappointing. The traffic was congested and the neighborhood looked rough. It took him 45 minutes to get there. The building was covered with graffiti.

The interview started 30 minutes late. Not bothering to apologize, the manager lit a cigarette and took a sip from his coffee cup. He leaned back in his chair and put his feet up on his desk. He asked Maxwell a lot of questions. Maxwell thought that each question was stupider than the preceding question. The final question was, "Where would you like to be 10 years from now?"

What does that have to do with typing? Maxwell wondered. Stupid questions from a rude man in a lousy neighborhood! Where would he like to be 10 years from now?

"Anywhere but this dump!" Maxwell said angrily, as he stood up and walked out.

agency apologize congested description dump employee
employment go broke graffiti lean lousy manual precede rent
replacement rough rude secretary shove sip temporary utility

1. Did he have a steady job?
2. Was he going to a job interview today?
3. Did he feel good?
4. Had the secretary sounded friendly and encouraging?
5. Was he a dancer?
6. Was he a good typist?
7. Were his people skills as good as his typing skills?
8. Did he say the wrong thing sometimes?
9. Did his boss tell him to make coffee every morning?
10. Did he agree to make coffee?

1. When had he last held a steady job?
2. What had he not held in almost two years?
3. What kind of day was today?
4. Why was today a big day?
5. Who/m had he talked to on the phone?
6. How did the secretary sound?
7. What was Maxwell's occupation?
8. Where did his fingers dance?
9. What weren't nearly as good as his typing skills?
10. Who had told him to start making coffee every morning?

1. The secretary sounded friendly. (Hint: How)
2. His fingers danced on the keyboard. (Hint: What)
3. The boss told Maxwell to make coffee. (Hint: Whom)
4. The boss told him to make coffee. (Hint: Who)
5. The boss told him to make coffee. (Hint: What)
6. He felt great. (Hint: How)
7. A few days later, reality hit home. (Hint: When)
8. He had to pay the rent. (Hint: What)
9. He thought about apologizing. (Hint: What)
10. The boss accepted Maxwell's apology. (Hint: Whose)