

Job Interview

by Cecilia Hunt

I was in my dad's car, outside of the building my interview was in. I was very nervous and didn't want to go in.

“ Don't worry. You'll do great.” My Dad told me.

My phone beeped. I had gotten a message from Robert, the interviewer. Apparently he was already waiting for me inside. I got out of the car, took a deep breath, and walked through the entrance. I looked around, there was nobody in sight. I stood there for a while checking my phone and glancing around. After a few minutes I left. I was confused and felt uncomfortable just standing in the empty entrance, so I called Robert. It rang a couple times before he answered.

“Where are you?” I asked him.

“I'm at the entrance,” he answered. “You must be at the wrong entrance.”

I walked back to where my Dad was parked.

We drove around to the other side of the building, but there was still nobody in sight. We drove to the side entrance. There was someone there. A secretary seated behind a desk. I had a moment of relief before the secretary explained that they couldn't help me. I left and once again went back to the car.

As we came full circle, a late-40's man came into view. He was standing outside by the entrance that I had first gone to. I got out of the car and walked over to him. He greeted me. He walked me inside to a table, where we sat down and officially began the interview. At first he started by going on and on about how understaffed they were and about how a lot of the employees had recently quit. At this point, I was feeling more uncomfortable and uneasy.

“ So how old are you?”

That confused me, I had got the interview from an application, which had clearly stated my age.

“ I'm 15.”

“ Oh, I thought you were 16. We can't hire you.”