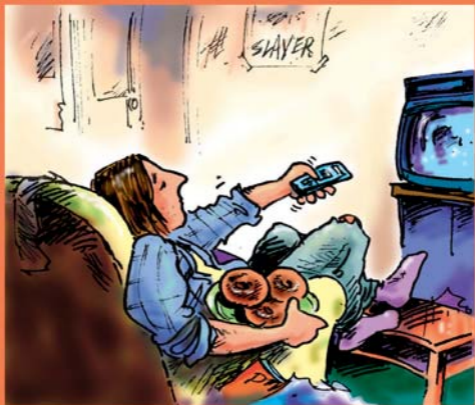


# MEMOIRS OF A JOBSEEKER



BY  
LEE KINDLER

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## **Memoirs of a jobseeker**

Lee Kindler

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'So, Greg, why do you want to be a taxi driver?'

I scratch my stubble, play with the top button of my **flanny**, and gaze around the excessively neat office. The lady on the other side of the desk looks at me super confidently. My mind races. Geez, could you tie that ponytail back any tighter? It's gotta be super glue in that hair. And what's with that power suit? Somebody should tell her that shoulder pads went out in the 80s. It's like being face to face with Kylie Minogue on steroids. Oops she's waiting for a reply.



I need an answer that sounds thoughtful and makes me look intelligent. Here goes... 'Well I think it would be great to cruise around in taxis all day, and I reckon the tips'd be good.'

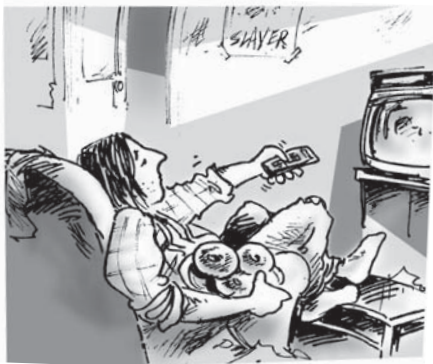
'Don't call us we'll call you,' she says in a voice too happy for this hour of the morning. She whisks me out of her office and hands me over to the secretary.

The secretary looks like a DJ on **speed**. She's running frantically around the office while jabbering on at a million miles an hour into her headset. As she does this, she hands me a mountain of forms, tests, and other paperwork to fill out, and points for me to sit down with a quick sweep of her hand. The maths questions are real bastards. The secretary stops her endless jabbering for a second when I count out loud on my fingers, and she raises her eyebrows. After what seems like ten hours later, I drop the forms on the secretary's desk and stagger out of the Jobs-R-Us employment agency.

**O**n the way out of the big glass doors, I accidentally bump into a young, nervous, pimply-faced guy, dressed in a suit and tie. He's got a line of unruly black fuzz above his upper lip. Looks like he's got an important interview. 'Sorry mate. Have you got the time?' I ask.

'Ten thirty,' he mumbles at me.

'Great that means I can get home for Jerry Springer. Today it's all about bizarre love triangles, you know.' He glances back at me with a look of horror as I exit the office building chanting 'Je-rry! Je-rry! Je-rry!' while punching my fist into the air.



I get home with 15 minutes to spare. I've got my breakfast ready (three chocolate, jam donuts with hundreds and thousands from Seven-Eleven) and I'm looking forward to a blissful morning of Jerry followed by a bit of Ricki, with maybe a little Judge Judy thrown in just for the hell of it. But from somewhere I hear a distant voice.

It's a high pitched drone and it's getting closer and closer. 'Heeeelloooo! Anybody home?' Suddenly my grandma appears from out of nowhere.

'So how did your interview go, Love?'

'Yeah, I think it went pretty well, Grandma.'

'You didn't wear that did you?' she asks, pointing to my **Slayer** t-shirt.

'No Grandma,' I lie.

Then she begins,  
'Greg, I've got some advice for you...'

My eyes are pointing towards her and my head is nodding, but my brain is singing *Welcome to the Jungle*, by Guns and Roses.



The scene goes something like this:



Our conversation is interrupted by the telephone.

'Hello. This is Deborah from Jobs-R-Us. We need someone to start immediately for City Taxi Cabs.'

'Well, let me see. Oprah finishes at three-thirty, so I can be there by about, say, four o'clock. OK, great. Thanks. Bye.'

'Thanks for the advice grandma, I got the job,' I say as I click on the TV to see a woman elbowing another in the ribs, trying to break out of a headlock.



## VOCAB

**flanny** — flannelette shirt, usually check, worn untucked, seldom washed, and often has holes.

**speed** — illegal drug that makes you hyped up.

**Slayer** — the name of a heavy metal band who plays thrash heavy metal that only the true metal fan can handle.

## QUESTIONS

- 1 What was the job that Greg went for?
- 2 What did Greg say when he was asked why he wanted the job?
- 3 Why did Greg stumble out of the Jobs-R-Us agency exhausted?
- 4 Would you like to be friends with Greg?  
Why?
- 5 Do you think Greg should have got the job?  
Why?
- 6 Why did Greg want to rush home?
- 7 What did Greg eat for breakfast?
- 8 Imagine you are interviewing Greg for a job as a taxi driver. What questions would you ask?
- 9 What answers do you think he would give?
- 10 What song would you sing in your head if someone was boring you?

*Memoirs of a Job Seeker* is one of a series of youth focus reading materials written with wry humour and a keen eye for observation.

These readers provide easy and engaging reading on youth related topics. Each of the books in the series can stimulate discussion and broader investigation of topics from the reader's perspective as well as through a series of questions listed at the end.

The book also includes amusing illustrations that support the text and a glossary of terms (essential for the older reader!).

The other two books in the series are *Clubbing is Fun* and *Moving up Front!*

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