

Attending a Job Interview

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Today was the worst day of my life! I've never felt so helpless and I swear that I won't let it happen again!

My friend and I applied for a summer job as a make-up salesperson. The company called yesterday to inform us of the interview date which was today. We were asked to arrive at 11 o'clock in the morning. However, due to a serious traffic jam, we arrived at 12 o'clock instead. I didn't know if we were lucky or not to be put in the last group of interviewees.

Our late arrival must have left the interviewers with a bad impression of us. But I really had confidence in getting this job as I know everything there is to know about make-up. Well, at least that's what I thought. Unfortunately, I knew as soon as I walked into the waiting room that I was absolutely wrong.

The people sitting in the waiting room looked at us in a very strange way, and it was at that moment that I realised that all the interviewees wore formal dress and put on light make-up while my friend and I, in contrast, looked odd as we were the only ones wearing T-shirts, jeans and flip-flops. Worse still, we wore dark, heavy make-up. I thought it would be an advantage to wear heavy make-up as we could show off our make-up skills. But I was utterly wrong! The people burst out laughing when they saw us. I wanted to go home so badly for I had made myself an object of ridicule.

The interview consisted of two parts, an individual interview and a group interview. My name was called out and I was to be interviewed before my friend. I could feel my heartbeat going really fast, as if my heart was about to burst. I went into the interview room with my legs shaking.

There were three interviewers and one of them looked very nasty. Another one smirked when he saw me. I sat down on a chair and they started asking me questions. At first, everything was fine but suddenly, my phone rang! 'Mother! Don't you know that I'm having an interview?' I shouted in rage. It seems that my reaction had startled one of the interviewers and I knew I was doomed.

Then, it was the group interview. My friend and I were put into different groups, which made me feel more nervous as I had no one fall back on. I was given a task – selling foundation cream to young girls. It took me several minutes to think up a strategy. I started off by introducing the natural minerals used in the cream and pointed out that it would not harm the skin. When I saw that the interviewers were a little bit impressed by me, I dropped the bottle of foundation cream on the floor. The glass shattered everywhere and the cream spilled out. An interviewer shouted at me in rage.

Immediately I became the laughing stock of the group. I ran out of the room crying. I felt so bad about acting so clumsily in front of so many people.

Of course, I didn't get the job, and neither did my friend. But I recovered quickly and applied for another summer job. This time, I'm going to get myself well-prepared. I'll attend the interview on time and put on a nice dress and high heels. I'll practise some questions with my mother. Speaking of my mother, I'll make sure I turn off my phone before the interview.

Though it was a disaster today, I gained some valuable experience. I guess it wasn't too bad ... Okay, it was bad. But I swear I will not let it happen again.

Teacher's Feedback : The diary is interesting and well organized. Good to use a wide range of vocabulary and sentence structures. Keep up the good work! (Miss Tse Kit Wan)