

Let me begin **by thanking** you for inviting me, **it feels** really cool to be here.

Ok, we're very **glad to have** you here as well, Mr. Speakwell. **Anyway, I was wondering if** you could tell us a little bit about yourself?

Certainly. I **assume** all the other applicants **have told** you **pretty much** the same thing. **Everyone likes sports**, everyone reads books, everyone „goes into the nature“ and „runs for health“ and everyone **is really anxious to** get this job. Well, I'm **different**. I **do read** books but before you ask me what sort of books I read I'd like to say **there's really no point in discussing** them here 'cos you're probably **too busy to** read and **even if** you weren't you'd **be way in over your heads** if you ever opened one of those books. Anyway, **what else was there?** Right, sports. I do like sports but I hate people who say they like sports. Also, you **may be** surprised **to learn** that **I'm not much of an outdoors person**, I don't enjoy **hiking** and I don't jog, **either**. I **hate it when I get all sweaty and stuff**. Yes, I lied on my résumé about that. I never go mushrooming **either** because the woods **are crowded by** five in the morning and I **have a hard enough time getting up** to take a leak at that **time of day**. I prefer spending my free time at home, slapping my kids around (**just kidding**), drinking coffee, reading and **imagining other people working**.

Oh. Well, that is **refreshingly** honest. What about your experience **as** a banker?

I worked **as** a banker for twelve years and hated **every single** minute of it. Just quit yesterday, **in fact**. A job like that, it **requires that** you **constantly deal with** people who **in my experience** never **stop to think** of a world that **has nothing to do with** exchange rates or monetary transactions, never **stop to smell the roses**, so to speak. It's depressing **as hell**. **No offense**.

None taken. Why did you **apply for** this job **then**?

I guess I wanted **you to** know that **there are people out there** who **don't give a damn about** your stupid job. Again, no offense. You look like really nice people but **I'd rather stick** a live panda up my ass than spend another minute behind that counter or in that cubicle. And I'm **sorry for** all of you, walking around in those stupid clothes and watching those little figures on your screens until one day you just **keel over** and die. Well, **when that happens, think of me sipping** whiskey in my backyard, **living off** my kids, will you?

I'm afraid **we will, as a matter of fact**. Well, Mr. Speakwell, I **don't** think you'll **be hearing from us** but **somehow** I don't think you will **mind**.