

Scientific hiring in vogue

If you could read their minds. Watch as our dauntless computer student applies for a job with IBM and read what he and the interviewer are really thinking as their thoughts appear in italics.

Job hunter: *God. They're ten minutes over their time. What are they discussing? - where they'll put his desk? Come on, come on...*

DOOR OPENS, RELAXED WOMAN LEAVES, CLOSSES DOOR.

Job Hunter: *God. Not already. OK. OK. Let's see, is my tie straight? Should I knock or go in? Should...*

Interviewer: Enter.

Job Hunter: *Good afternoon... I mean morning. He's a bear... a bloody grizzly bear they've trained to sit behind a desk.*

Interviewer: Take a seat.

Job Hunter: *Where should I take it? Heh heh. Good, broke the ice. Shake hands. Be firm... shit! sweaty palms.*

Interviewer: *Cigarette? Hmm, must have forked out a bundle to rent that suit for the day. Must be hungry for a job.*

Job Hunter: *Thanks. He's wearing jeans, the man is wearing jeans. Looks like we'll be discussing land rovers and wood stoves.*

Interviewer: *So you want a job as a computer programmer, what languages do you know?*

Job Hunter: *English and a bit of French. I've got to start relating to this granola head.*

Interviewer: *I wouldn't be so quick with the first one. No, I mean computer languages.*

Job Hunter: *Oh yeah, well, all of them, in fact... do you like granola? Was that too obvious?*

Interviewer: Pardon??

Job Hunter: *Split logs not atoms eh??? Heh heh I'm making an idiot of myself.*

Interviewer: *So why do you want to work for IBM? Now there's a hypothetical situation.*

Job Hunter: *I've grown up with IBM. It's in my blood like baseball and Mom's apple pie. I can't believe I'm saying this crap.*

Interviewer: *I can't believe he's saying this crap. Well, do you believe in what we do at IBM?*

Job Hunter: *Oh yes, defense has to be a high priority in North America. Where's the astray?*

Interviewer: *What are you talking about? Uh huh.*

Job Hunter: *And missiles are the key. No ashtray! Help!*

Interviewer: *He can't be talking about ICBM's, can he?*

Job Hunter: *And I think Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles are the key.... are you OK sir?*

Interviewer: *uh, just something in my eye. Just five more minutes.*

Job Hunter: *Five more minutes.*

Interviewer: *What do you feel your greatest weaknesses are? Try to keep it within an hour.*

Job Hunter: *I have an insatiable urge to work, that drives fellow employees to drink and suicide. I also have a pocketful of hot ashes.*

Interviewer: *Insatiable, are you? Not bad, four syllables.*

Job Hunter: *I'm still looking for a woman to prove I'm not, heh heh. I hope he doesn't think I'm a sexist bastard.*

Interviewer: *Sexist bastard.*

Job Hunter: *As for my strengths, I'm a man of strong convictions, liberally speaking...*

Interviewer: *Liberally?*

Job Hunter: *Liberally, oops. Conservatively speaking....*

Interviewer: *Conservatively?*

If you can't dazzle them with brilliance...

Job Hunter: *Conservatively?... NDPLY?... help!*

Interviewer: *Well, where do you think you'll be in five years? If he says sitting in my chair, I'll shove my pen down his throat.*

Job Hunter: *Sitting in your chair interviewing you, heh heh. Not bad, not bad.*

Interviewer: *Heh heh. Where's my pen? Have you got any questions?*

Job Hunter: *Yes, if I don't take a vacation this year, can I save it up for*

twice as long next year!

Interviewer: *Don't laugh, don't laugh. We'll see. Tell me, what do you do in your spare time? Watch the laundry spin? Count sidewalk cracks?*

Job Hunter: *Got to get back to the environment. I rally against nukes.*

Interviewer: *I can't hear anymore. Uh huh.*

Job Hunter: *Yes, split logs before atoms. God, I already said that.*

Interviewer: *Wonder what's for supper. Uh huh.*

Job Hunter: *And as for whales...*

Interviewer: *ZZZZ... Whalers??? Are you a Whaler fan?*

Job Hunter: *Uh... sure. What?*

Interviewer: *Not many Hartford fans up here.*

Job Hunter: *No, not many of us. Football? Soccer? Ping pong? Help!*

Interviewer: *I'm a relation of Rick Kehoe, you know. Never noticed how intelligent this lad looks.*

Job Hunter: *Finest player on the team.*

Interviewer: *You think so eh? Heh heh. I can find a spot for a bright light like this. Well listen son, there's no use in going on.*

Job Hunter: *No?*

Interviewer: *I should be calling you in a couple of days with a contract.*

Job Hunter: *I should have known mafia.*

Interviewer: *I'll keep in touch. Dresses well.*

Job Hunter: *Thanks very much.*

