Job interview 1

Mr Samuel: (gruffly) Oh, here you are. I am John Samuel, the manager. Take a seat. Right, um, Metwell Gumede is it? Let’s start with your reason for applying for a job at this particular restaurant?

Metwell: Good morning, Mr Samuel. Well, I saw the ad in the local paper and I need to earn money to help me with expenses while I am at college this coming year. I live nearby so transport is not a problem and it means I can also work at night.

Mr Samuel: And are you at all interested in food Metwell? Like the food we serve – sushi?

Metwell: Oh! Uh … well, I certainly like eating food! But to tell the truth, Sir, I have not had much experience with different kinds. But I’m keen to try them and I am sure I can learn the menu quickly.

Mr Samuel: And do you feel confident you can deal with all the different kinds of demanding customers we get in here at rush hour? Can you cope with people and with pressure?

Metwell: Umm … yes, I think so. (He jumps as his phone rings.) Oops! Please excuse me. I am very sorry about that. Yes, I was saying, I am a sociable person – I like people. I do not easily get upset. I have also dealt well with the pressure of exams so, yes, once I learn the job I believe I will cope.

Mr Samuel: Well, you are nicely groomed with neat clothes, except for the flip flops. You won’t believe how some guys pitch up for interviews in baggy old jeans, breath stinking of tobacco – hmpf! Any questions for me?

Metwell: Thanks for the opportunity, Sir. Would you mind telling me what training I would receive, Mr Samuel? And the pay?

Mr Samuel: First you learn for a menu test. Then we train you as a “runner” clearing plates and learning kitchen routines, then you take and deliver orders. Pay is R15 per hour but your real money is tips – up to R400 a shift. The more you charm the customers into buying – the more you make!

Metwell: Cool! Sounds lekk … I beg your pardon. I mean, that’s encouraging.

Mr Samuel: (Gets up and shakes Metwell’s hand.) Right, thanks. I’ll check your references then let you know soon if you’ve got the job. Ah … and Metwell, two things: you were 10 minutes late for your interview – another five minutes and I would have turned you away. And you are chewing gum. Bad first impression!

Metwell: (Grabbing gum out of his mouth and blushing.) Oops! Sorry … habit …

Job interview 2

Mr Samuel: Oh, here’s Rebecca Titus, right on time.

Rebecca: Good morning sir. Thanks for calling me for an interview hey.

Mr Samuel: (Observing Rebecca, who is in a hoodie and baggy jeans and skater-type thick-soled shoes.) Well, Rebecca, if you work here you would have to wear something … well … more formal. And light, flat shoes you could rush around in. So, what made you apply for a job at our sushi restaurant?

Rebecca: Ya, well, er, well, like I like cooking hey? And, like, I know a lot about food. I mean I never heard of what you call it – um … suzi – but I am sure I’ll pick it up quick quick.

Mr Samuel: Hmm. And people skills? Can you deal with demanding customers at rush hour? Can you cope with pressure?

Rebecca: No problem there hey. I’m your girl. I hate cheeky people and I don’t take any nonsense!

Mr Samuel: Oh really? But you do realise the “customer is always right” in this business?

Rebecca: Izzit? Even when they are like, wrong? Well, I know when to turn on the charm …

Mr Samuel: Is there anything you want to ask me?

Rebecca: Ja – what about the pay? I hope it’s better than the job I had at the DVD store – the manager was horrible and like, the pay was, like baaad. Oh, and is it okay if I can’t work Saturday nights?

Mr Samuel: You’d earn R15 per hour, but you can get tips of R400 a shift.

Rebecca: Sounds good. I know how to charm humungous tips. Know what I mean? (she winks)

Mr Samuel: Indeed I do and some customers love that kind of attention. Well, thanks for coming.
Texts for listening comprehension

For Chapter 12, Activity 1, Learner’s Book page 176

Report A
Today, twenty thousand women stormed to the Union Buildings to protest about carrying passes. The noisy, impatient crowd took over the roads, blocking traffic and creating widespread disruption and traffic chaos. The unruly women seemed determined to create as much fuss as possible and the police struggled to keep order.

As midday neared and the temperature rose, the women seemed to lose all sense of what was right. They sang and chanted loudly, throwing their fists in the air in a very unfeminine manner. Meanwhile, the police showed immense maturity and calm and allowed the women to reach the Buildings.

All along the way, interested bystanders gathered to stare. One man said, “These ladies should go back home to their husbands and children. What do they want causing trouble like this?”

Finally, the women called it a day. Afterwards, the gardens around the Buildings were a mess. Exhausted policeman were seen climbing wearily into their vans. Hopefully now they will be able to focus on more important matters than a lot of hysterical women.

Report B
Today the women of South Africa showed great bravery and determination as they joined forces across all races and marched in Pretoria to tell Prime Minister J.G. Strijdom what they thought about the pass laws. The gathering was highly disciplined as the women made their way slowly and in a very dignified manner. At the head of the march were four strong, impressive leaders: Lilian Ngoyi, Helen Joseph, Sophie Williams and Radima Moosa. They carried the petitions signed by over 100 000 women.

When they got to the Buildings, they waited patiently but neither the Prime Minister nor anybody from his staff bothered to come and meet them. The women left the petitions at his door and then stood in absolute silence, all 20 000 of them, for a full half hour.

The government seems to have shown the women no respect here today. Time will tell who wins this important struggle.