

“Youth Divine”

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George was already the last one left in that waiting room. Still he wasn't nervous, he kept repeating to himself that he had been in worse positions before.

Suddenly, the last of the young men carefully dressed—or dressed up, in the case of the women—who had come to the meeting came into the room. He had no suit and no intention of buying one, so he'd come in sneakers, blue jeans, and a white polo shirt. The other young man ignored him and headed for the door.

Behind him was another man in a suit, only in his thirties.

—You. It's your turn, come in. The second door on the right.

He got up and went to the office where the interview would take place. He had already been warned that this chain of department stores did not mess around with feints, so he was on his guard.

He knocked on the door.

—Go ahead,— said a deep, gruff voice.

He entered the office. It was a large, well-lit space with a wooden table three times the size of its function—judging by the plugged-in laptop and the few sheets of paper on it—and paintings of dubious taste adorning the walls.

The man standing waiting for him was in his forties and the best dressed he had seen all day. George did not understand formal clothing but he took it for granted that that man's was worth three salaries for a regular employee.

—Tell me, are your parents married or divorced?

George, who was already having a bad day by himself, limited himself to taking and shaking the hand of that cheeky man.

—Mine's George,— he said as he strongly squeezed his hand —pleasure.

He then took a seat in the chair in front of the desk.

The man was shocked. After a few moments' pause, he sat down in his boss's chair. He clasped his hands together with the thumbs pointing up.

—So, you're at a party with a friend and there are 10 people at the party including the two of you,— the interviewer began to explain in perfect Castilian Spanish. Your friend offers you a bet: he will give you one dollar for each person at the party whose birthday is the same day as you, and you will give him two dollars for each person whose birthday is not the same day as you. Do you accept the bet? A smile spread across his face.

—Assuming that I don't know when the birthdays of the people at the party are, the probability that one of them will have the same birthday as me is approximately $1/365$, and that of not, $364/365$, thus that my answer is no.

—George also answered in his Spanish without a defined accent although clearly understandable.

The interviewer's smile faded. After this he released a string of French words in a sulky tone, with which George just tapped on the table without understanding almost anything.

—I don't speak French, but I can let someone know that I do — he also knew how to respond in French.

—Okay, young man, I see you're not too bad at languages, let's see how you're good at yours.—

He started to write something on a piece of paper.

—Now...— the interviewer began.

—I'll save you the trouble: first word is “you're” and not “your” and “misstep” goes with a double es— he interrupted her before he handed him the paper.

—Okay, let's see...—He picked up the first sheet of a small pile that he had on the table —I see from his request that you are interested in the technology department, how would you sell me this laptop? He said pointing to his desk.

—Since the model is three years old and has an outdated AMD processor and a battery that's worthless after only five hundred charge cycles, I wouldn't do it. Unless I really didn't like you, of course.

The interviewer banged on the table and stood up.

—I think we're done. We will call you.

George got up too, they shook hands and he headed for the door.

—By the way, it's Dave,— said the interviewer when George was about to leave.

—What are you talking about? George said without turning around.

—Mi name, it is Dave.

—Don't be rude, no one has asked you —he answered, still turning his back on him.

He closed the door behind him.