A Question of Trust (B2 · English B2)

Tekst / Transcript

Daniel had wanted the job at the design studio for almost a year, and the interview was scheduled for Tuesday at ten. He spent the weekend preparing answers to questions that nobody would probably ask. His sister told him to relax, since worrying had never improved anyone's performance. Still, he could not shake the feeling that this single morning would decide the next decade of his life.

What surprised him most was how calm he felt when he actually sat down opposite the two interviewers. He answered clearly, made a small joke about the traffic, and showed his portfolio without apologising for it. He had no certainty about the outcome, of course, because two other candidates were waiting downstairs. Yet somewhere between the first question and the last, a quiet confidence appeared that had not been there before.

The older interviewer asked him why he had left his previous company after only eight months. Daniel had rehearsed a polite, vague answer, but he decided to tell the truth instead. He explained that the studio had promised training that never arrived, and that he had felt his skills going backwards. It was apparent from her expression that she had heard this story before. She nodded and said his reason sounded entirely valid, which relaxed him more than any compliment could have done.

The conversation moved on to salary. Daniel named a figure that he considered reasonable, based on what similar studios paid people with his experience. The younger interviewer smiled and said the number was reasonably close to what they had in mind, though the final decision belonged to someone else. Daniel left the building feeling realistic confident, but he refused to celebrate anything yet. He bought a coffee, sat on a bench and watched pigeons fight over a piece of bread.

Three days passed with no news. On Friday evening his old colleague Priya sent him a message: apparently the studio had already offered the position to somebody internal before the interviews even started. Daniel read the message four times. He tried to be realistic about it and reminded himself that rumours travel faster than facts, especially in a small industry. Even so, the idea that he had performed for an audience with no real choice made him feel foolish.

On Monday morning the email arrived, and the ending was not predictable at all. They wanted him, and they wanted him to start in three weeks. Priya's information had been half right: an internal candidate had indeed applied, but she had withdrawn on the second day. Daniel called his sister before he called anyone else. She laughed and said she had never doubted it, which was untrue but kind. That evening he wrote a short list of the things he wanted to learn in his first year, and pinned it above his desk where he would see it every morning.

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