

Too late, Mr. Jenkins. You were an F7 back at question 2

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The story of somebody who worked for a job screening service. Companies hired the service to do preliminary filtering of job applicants. The best part: When applicants mistake the screener for the receptionist.

When I launched into the actual interview, it really pissed them off. They'd get furious that the freaking receptionist had the audacity to waste their time by ... And then round about question 5 it would dawn on them that this was the interview. I could hear the quick catch in their speech as it hit them, and the sick pause as they thought back over how they'd been behaving for the past several minutes. It was the attempts at damage control that I really found hilarious. Suddenly, we were best pals. They almost always thought that using my first name as much as possible might somehow make up for their earlier suggestion that I make it snappy. Too late, Mr. Jenkins. You were an F7 back at question 2.

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