The worst job i ever had essay



A year ago, I decided to look for a job. I found some job openings in Queens, and one of them caught my eyes. It was a 99 cent store on Liberty Avenues in Queens. I got the job, and I was a sales clerk. I was so excited and determined to try my best on the new job.

I thought that it would be the best job I had in my life. However, it turned out to be the worst. I hated the job for three reasons.

First, the job was very hard. There were a lot of heavy deliveries every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. I had to carry heavy boxes of over 50 pounds to the store. Then I would clean and organize the shelves before customers arrived. Sometimes, I worked from 8: 00 to 2: 00 nonstop.

I had to skip my lunch. After a 20-minute break, I returned to work until 8: 00. I went home hungry and exhausted.

Another reason was that the pay was miserable. I was paid \$4. 50 an hour, \$3 lower than the minimum wage. Sometimes, my boss paid me late. For example, I worked from Monday to Saturday, and he should have paid me every Friday.

Instead he paid me on Saturday. In addition, I was not paid for my overtime. I made \$ 31. 50 a day after I paid for the metro card and lunch; I had only \$ 20 left. My father was very upset when I told him the situation. He said it was illegal, and my boss was exploiting me. He advised me not to work there. The last reason was my boss.

He was rude to me. He yelled a lot. One time, he yelled at me with profanity in front of the customers. Whenever he needed me to do something, I had to

be there right away no matter what I was doing. I felt embarrassed and humiliated. One time, my co-worker put the soda on the wrong shelf and when he saw that he started screaming. I told him it was not me, but he would not listen and threatened to fire me.

Lucking back, I realized that working in the store was not bad at all. The experience made me to become a better person. My Englishwas improved; I learned how to deal with people and protect myself.