

Worst job you ever
had



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

In the current scenario of recession, getting part time job has become extremely important. As a I too have been working part time to meet my expenses. While many of my jobs were relatively okay and paid well, the work at 'Claridge Fast food Restaurant' was the worst job of my life. The place was deceptive in its exterior and reeked of dishonest intentions, both that of owners and workers. The place was tastefully furnished but was conspicuous in its lack of modern technology. The most interesting and perhaps the ridiculous was the owner's perception towards the uniform of its workers. He believed that they should wear clothes of 1960s so as to provide the restaurant with a unique identity. I was employed as a waiter and my primary work was to serve the customer. The good pay was the major attraction and I was congratulating myself in landing the job. But I soon realized that the work was not merely of a waiter but I was expected also expected to fill in for any employee who was absent, be it the cleaner or washer-man. Since I had already resigned from my previous job, I was in no position to refuse it at that stage as I needed the money for my rent and food. It was most humiliating for me when I had to juggle between serving the customers and washing dirty dishes at the back. It was here only that I realized how the owners can cheat customers. Mr. Smith, the hawk eyed owner used to be present at the reception and oversee the quantity of food that was to be served to the customer. He would not only short change the customers by providing them with less quantity but also try to give them stale food and leftovers from the previous day. The leftovers were never shared with the employees but put in freezers so that they can be served next day. Interestingly, the employees were also highly adept at deceiving their employer. They would often filch the customers of their cash by not

giving them change through sweet talk. They also loved having free drink and food at the expense of owners. The bottle of the drinks and food was shown as broken or stolen at the end of the day. Newcomers like us, would therefore used to become innocent scapegoat for their misdeeds. I really had enough of this restaurant job when one day, I was asked not to serve a black old man because he looked ‘ a filthy, cheat’! The man looked like a common man who works hard for his living but the open dislike towards people coming from different race, culture and color finally opened my eyes. I realized that I was compromising my basic moral and ethical principles. This was a place where human dignity would always remain at risk. I resigned from my job and started looking for another. I had the belief in God and confidence in my hard work. I was positive that I would get a better job soon.

(words: 513)