The interview

“OK, I’m won’t be late for the interview today”, Madonna Langley thought. She looked her watch for several times, while she was estimating how many time would be cost if she take the bus instead of subway. She lost her job last month and now she was nearly ran out of her money. “I must be hired this time! ” She shouted out what she thought with a jump at same time, that made the other people in the bus station looked at her with puzzled look. That was quite awkward, but Madonna’s doubled width body (compare with normal people)make the scene a little bit funny.

John Montaldo stared at his schedule, notwithstanding he knew what he was going to do very well. He was a manager of a new fund. He didn’t find any employee for his company yet. ‘People prefer big companies than small ones,’ this was his conclusion. In this days he was finding a data analyst for his company. Same as yesterday ,he was going to have a interview today. The door bell rang just as the appointed time was arrived. John set his hair up quickly and then opened the door.

“Nice to meet you ,Ms Langley ?” He had already known her name on her resume which he received two days ago. But he didn’t receive a picture could show Madonna’s body shape.

“Yes, I’m Madonna Langley. Nice to meet you too. So you are Mr Montaldo.”

“Yes, I am. please take a seat.” Although John said this, he was still worrying whether his poor little chair could bear this enormous body. “what do you like to eat?”

“Chinese food, dumplings is my favourite. Are you going to invite me to have a dinner?”

“Definitely not! I’m just curious how could you grow so big. And I won’t eat Chines food anymore.” John thought, with a forced smile.

“Maybe, If there’s a chance.” Finally he found this suitable answer. “Why don’t you start with your working experience?”

“My last job was in a publisher, as a data analyst. Also that’s my first job. Its contents was collecting information in the book market, and then ......”

John was not really interested in Madonna’s speaking, the only sound that he could hear was the little cracking from the chair which was sit by her.

“Your resume said you have a bachelor’s degree of statistic. The job need you to analysis and visualize the data from Stoke Market, do you familiar with economy or finance?”

“Not much,” Madonna became a little nervous, this might be the thing makes she fail in the interview. “But I can learn it, and I’m good at calculate numbers, I think I could do this work well.”

I don’t need a student but a staff. Probably I can stop this interview now, she is not my choice. “OK, since this job requires programming ability, here are some exercises to test your programming skill, I give you five minuet to finish it.” He took a laptop out, found out the hardest exercise he had, and give it to the girl.

“Programming is my advantage!” Madonna saw the hope again. She finished those questions very wells. That made John very surprise.

After the short test, Madonna looked around the office, and she saw George Soros’s picture on the wall. This was the only investor she knew, but not in a positive way. “Is this Soros ?” She asked.

“Yes,” John was happier than the last minuet,for she knew who Soros is. Soros was the Johns favourite man. “Some one say he was one of the greatest investors, but I think we don’t need ‘one of’ in this sentence.”

“Wait ? I thought he was not a good man. I have a friend in Thailand,