

Owen Kolbert

Mrs. Silva

English 11

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### The Waiting

As Arthur left his apartment that morning he felt the ever-present Seattle rain on his skin. Getting into his car, he noticed his heart beating harder than normal. While he always hated driving in the rain, the destination of his journey today mattered much more than a slippery road. That is, to Arthur at least. He was driving to a job interview at Microsoft for a data analyst position. This wasn't Arthur's dream job, but he needed something to help pay the rent. Arthur also reasoned, "At least it uses my degree for something."

He occasionally looked at his phone for the directions to the office. He already knew how to get there, he had lived near the office during his childhood, but he wanted nothing to be left to chance today. Gradually, the miles started ticking down. Fifteen miles. Ten miles. Five miles. Arthur's grip tightened on his steering wheel as he drove within a few blocks of the office. His mind started to race, making him think of scenarios that, while incredibly unlikely and borderline impossible, seemed as likely to him at that moment as if the sun would rise the next morning. "What if I am under qualified and they don't give me the position?" thought Arthur, though he was very qualified for the job. He had spent the extra time, and money, to get his masters in Computer Science and had interned at a data analytics company for multiple semesters when getting his degree. While contemplating whether McDonalds was hiring at the moment, a car honked behind him, signaling for him to go at the green light.

The interviewer was in a meeting when he arrived, he had gotten there about ten minutes early, so Arthur had to wait. His eyes darted from object to object within the beige room. From the obviously fake plant in the corner to the meaningless paintings on the wall, Arthur's eyes bounced between them quickly. The repetitive sound of the wall clock only amplified the ever increasing heart beat that had become a bass drum in his chest. Finally the interviewer, name of Mr. Harding emerged from his office and motioned for Arthur to enter the room. "A-all right," Arthur stuttered as he entered the office and the door was closed.