

My first job was as a waiter. I did it when I first left school, just **to earn** money. It was fun, really, but it was very hard work. I had **to work long hours** and of course I was always on my feet! It wasn't very **challenging** – I had to remember the customers' orders, but that was all, really. And I didn't **get paid holidays**, so that wasn't good.

So after about five months I **gave in my notice** and got a job as a shop assistant in a bookstore. I really enjoyed that because I like books and I like talking to people about them. I was very good at the job, and after a few months I was **promoted** to store manager. That was great! I got **on-the-job training** about management and things, and I was happy because I was **starting a career** – well, I thought I was. After two years, the bookstore closed because there wasn't enough business.

Now I've got a few more years' experience, and I work as a management consultant. **The pay** is fantastic and **the work** is quite interesting. I guess you can say I'm **successful**. But you know what? Sometimes I miss being a waiter and just having jokes with the customers!