

Audio Index:

Slow dialog: 1:13

Explanations: 3:50

Fast dialog: 17:05

I got my first **part-time** job when I was 15 working at a **car wash** in the **summertime**. A friend of mine, Rob, worked there and got me the job. I think it paid \$2.90 an hour, which I considered a **fortune**. There were no **allowances** in my family, so most of my brothers and sisters started working as soon as they could to get **spending money**. I hated working at the car wash, **drying** cars all day. After only about six weeks working there (though it seemed much longer), I **up and** quit one day. I felt badly about not giving a **two-week notice**, but I **had it up to here** with the job. Luckily, another friend of mine got me a job working at a **nursing home**, washing dishes in the kitchen. I started the day after my 16th birthday, **qualifying** me for a slightly higher **minimum wage**.

Life **scrubbing pots and pans** was **no picnic, let me tell you**. I **lasted** there for only three months, working after school and on weekends while trying to **keep up with** my homework in high school. My next job was much better: Making keys at a **locksmith**. The **working conditions** were much better, and I had flexible hours around my school schedule. I stayed at that job for nearly seven years, right through my college years at the University of Minnesota. **To this day** I still know the names of all the common key **blanks**, but it doesn't **come in handy** very often!